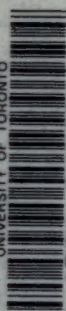


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EXPEDITIONS TO SYRIA IN 1904—5 AND 1909

SYRIA

PUBLICATIONS OF
THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY ARCHAEOLOGICAL
EXPEDITIONS TO SYRIA IN 1904—5 AND 1909

Division I

GEOGRAPHY AND ITINERARY

BY

HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER, A. M.

FREDERICK A. NORRIS, C. E.

AND

EDWARD ROYAL STOEVEER, C. E.

EDITED BY MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITIONS



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In consequence of the death of Professor Butler, the promoter and director of these expeditions, and because of various accidents, the publication of this volume has been long delayed. Consequently the conditions to which it refers as of the present time are those of the years 1905 or 1909. Wherever there is a discrepancy between the form or spelling of geographical names in the text and on the various maps, the form given in the text and index of this volume should be regarded as the more accurate and reliable. A good many alterations have been made by the editors in the narrative written originally by Mr. Stoeber from the notes of Mr. Norris. Few changes have been made in Professor Butler's narrative of the experiences of the Expedition of 1909, which was found with the account of the Expedition of 1904—1905 as if intended for publication with it. But Professor Butler himself did not send this narrative to the publisher, nor was his the final hand to revise its text.

Princeton, New Jersey, October 1st, 1929.

THE EDITORS.

Publications of the Princeton University Archaeological
Expeditions to Syria in 1904—1905 and 1909

DIVISION I

GEOGRAPHY AND ITINERARY

SECTION A

THE EXPEDITION OF 1904—5

BY

EDWARD ROYAL STOEVEER, C. E.

FROM THE NOTES AND JOURNAL OF

FREDERICK A. NORRIS, C. E.

LATE E. J. BRILL LTD.
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THE MAPS

The geographical and topographical problems of the Expedition of 1904—5 were rather difficult. Especially in the south, beyond the limits of Palestine and east of the railroad at Der'â the country was little known. Kiepert's maps had proved inaccurate in 1899—1900, and several maps which later on were useful in plotting the general itinerary were not available to the Expedition of 1904—5. In the southern district the maps of J. G. Wetzstein (*Zeitschrift für allgemeine Erdkunde*, VII, 1859, Tafel II) and G. Schumacher (*Zeitschrift des Deutschen Palaestina-Vereins*, XX, 1897), and in the north Blanckenhorn's map, were used and found of assistance.

The instruments used were a prismatic compass, a twelve-inch theodolite with solar attachment, three specially selected Waltham watches, an aneroid barometer, and a boiling-point thermometer. The plan adopted in general was to keep a compass dead-reckoning, assuming the pace to be an average of two and three-quarters miles per hour for ordinary going, and three miles per hour on good roads. For more accurate determination of locations the theodolite was used. Whenever there was a sufficient elevation the theodolite was set up and oriented by the magnetic needle, and sights were taken to prominent objects such as hills, towns, and ruins. From the natives also the approximate distances to these places were obtained, generally in hours of travel on foot; but these estimates of distance were rarely accurate. It was possible, however, to intersect a good many of these points from the next observation site.

Mt. Hermon, a known point, was useful for part of the southern districts as a landmark, for it was visible from the western part of the Southern Ḥaurân and from the western slopes of the Djebel Ḥaurân. Djebel Shêkh Berekât served in the same way for Northern Syria. Latitude and longitude were determined at the following places: Djebel il-Ḳulêb, il-'Îsâwî, il-'Ilimeh, Şalkhad, Tell Irmâḥ, il-Umtâ'îyeh, Umm idj-Djimâl, Shêkh 'Alî Kāsûn, Tell ir-Ruḥaiyeh, Serdjillâ, and Kefr Nabû. It was impossible, however, owing to the conditions under which we traveled, to plot many of the points as they were determined, so that the correction of errors, and the necessary compromises between the observations made with the prismatic compass and the estimated distances on the one hand and the measured journeys on the other, were postponed until the final plotting was made.

The route map was made by using as a base the map made by the American Expedition of 1899—1900, and adding to it details supplied by the small map of the Southern Ḥaurân, opposite page 27 in the present volume, and the three maps mentioned above. Several parts of the northern area had not been visited by the Expedition of 1899—1900, and consequently the positions of the desert towns, il-Anderîn, Ḳaşr Ibn Wardân and Kerrâtîn had to be corrected. Also, the limestone region in the north, particularly the Djebel Sim'ân, was covered very carefully and a number of sites more correctly located. Blanckenhorn's map was very useful for the northern

district. It was found that Kiepert's map placed the desert towns too far east, and involved a considerable distortion. These errors were corrected as far as possible for all the places visited, and for other places where the evidence seemed sufficient.

The small large-scale maps were made primarily to give the locations of the towns in which the buildings and inscriptions to be published by the Expeditions were situated. These maps were plotted on the assumption that the latitude and longitude of the area in general was sufficiently accurate for practical purposes on the maps of Kiepert or Wetzstein. In each case one or more observation-points within the area were chosen, and from these the location of the various sites was determined with a fair degree of exactness. The direction of a fixed point having been laid down with a protractor by measuring the angle from the magnetic north, the winding journey to reach that point was laid out by scale, and any uncertainty was decided by probability and checked in as many ways as possible. Care was taken to find if there were any local magnetic variations, the true north being determined at 'Arâḵ il-Emîr, 'Ammân, Boşrâ, Djebel il-Ḳulêb, il-'Isâwî, Şalkhad, and Umm idj-Djimâl; but no local variation was discovered. There was a good deal of compromise necessary in "judging" points; but on the whole the results tied in satisfactorily. There was an occasional error in the name of a place noted in the theodolite record, due apparently to the carelessness or ignorance of the native guide; but it was generally possible to check up by the record of the actual journey, if the place was visited. When the directions or distances of the dead-reckoning were wrong there was more serious trouble; but in every case there was some note or reference or a later visit which determined the final plotting. In places where the observation point was difficult to reach, sights were taken with the prismatic compass, and the distances to observed points were obtained in the same way as when the theodolite was used, that is from a native guide. In every case where the topography was difficult, or where it was desired to mark particularly any special feature, a sketch was made in the notes. Altitudes above sea-level were obtained by the use of a boiling-point thermometer in connection with an aneroid barometer.

The map of the Ledjâ was made by using Wetzstein's map as a base and correcting this from a small route-map made by the Princeton Expedition in 1909 when this region was explored and observations made with a prismatic compass.

The two districts shown in the maps of the Southern Ḥaurân and Northern Syria (particularly the Djebel Bārîshâ) were the most completely covered. In the former the summit of the Djebel il-Ḳulêb, which dominated the whole region, was used as an observation-point for the Djebel Ḥaurân and the plain to the south. From Şalkhad, Tell idj-Djêneh, iṣ-Şâfiyeh, Dêr in-Naşrânî, Tell Irmâḥ, Tell B'ât, Tell il-Ḳo'ès, and Tell 'Abd Mâr sights were taken which gave by one or more intersections the accurate location of most of the sites in the plain. These places were afterwards visited, and in this way a double check was possible. The Djebel Bārîshâ was covered by observations with the prismatic compass taken at Bâziher, Surḳanyâ, Kbêshîn, Burdj Ḥêdar, Brâd, Kefr Nabû, Ḳal'at Kâlôtâ, Kharâb Shems, Kefr Lâb, Bâşûfân, Kharâb il-Meshhed, Simkhâr, Bâtarûn, Maḳlabîs, and Dera'mân.

The plateau called il-'Alâ was observed from ir-Rubbeh, Shêkh 'Alî Kâsûn and Nawâ. No changes were made in the map of the Djebel Riḥâ made by Mr. Robert Garrett and published by the American Expedition of 1899—1900. The desert towns were located by dead-reckoning, on account of the absence of any nearby elevation;

but distant sights from Temek and il-Mishrifeh located Ẓaṣr Ibn Wardân, while Kerrâtîn was visible from Abū Ḥanīyeh and Ma'râtā. Also Ma'râtā was a point of reference for several otherwise isolated sections, and likewise the Djebel Shêkh Berekât and Aleppo.

The town plans were made by theodolite survey and stadia-rod measurements, with more accurate tape measurements where necessary. The first survey made was of the ruined 'Arâḵ il-Emîr. By using the theodolite and stadia-rod careful determination was made of the bearing of each wall and of some point on it. Chain measurements were made by Butler, and from these notes the plan was drawn. Of 'Ammân a plan already existed. This was not changed; but some buildings were added to it and the colonnaded street was located. Boṣrā was surveyed with theodolite, stadia-rod and chain in the same way as 'Arâḵ il-Emîr; but on account of the extent of the site only the chief buildings were located. Similar surveys were made at Umm idj-Djimâl, Dêr Sim'ân, Bābiskā, Dâr Ẓitā, Ẓaṣr Ibn Wardân and il-Anderîn, the walls which were not actually measured being shown by the shaded lines.

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CHAPTER I

THE JOURNEY BEGINS

The American Expedition to Syria in 1899—1900 had explored certain portions of the area between Aleppo on the north and the Arabian Desert on the south; but many districts had necessarily been neglected, and a more thorough examination of certain places previously visited appeared desirable. It was the opinion, therefore, of those who had shared in that expedition that another similar mission to this country should be undertaken. All the members of the American Expedition were connected with Princeton University, and the work of that expedition was prepared for publication in Princeton. Therefore it was possible for Professor Howard Crosby Butler, the organizer of the former expedition, to arouse the interest of certain friends of the University in the plan, and their generosity made it possible to send out for renewed exploration the Princeton Expedition of 1904—5.

The members of the former expedition, in so far as they were in a position to be absent from this country, were to resume their former work. H. C. Butler, in charge of the organization and execution of the project, was to study the architecture. Enno Littmann was to be responsible for all the epigraphical work, both classical and Semitic, during the first half of the journey, and W. K. Prentice was to take charge of the Greek and Latin inscriptions in the second half. Robert Garrett was unable to join the second expedition, and his place as cartographer was taken by the writer of the journal, F. A. Norris.

The plans of the expedition, when perfected, involved the exploration of two large and widely separated regions, which in general terms were styled Southern Syria and Northern Syria. Both regions had been visited by the American Expedition. More explicitly, the southern half of the journey was to embrace the Ḥaurān and the country lying south of it, including an excursion into the Ḥarraḥ on the east: the second or northern half was to be devoted to exploring the basalt region east of the highway between Ḥamā and Aleppo, and the limestone hills east of Antioch, chiefly the northern end of the Djebel Bārīshā, the Djebel il-Ḥalaḡah, and the Djebel Simʿān. In the southern district even the Ḥaurān had not been completely explored, so that much still remained to be done there, while the country immediately to the south was almost untouched as far as the publication of its monuments was concerned. In Northern Syria the basalt region was not well known, although a good many inscriptions from it had been published: the Djebel Bārīshā and the Djebel il-Ḥalaḡah had not been thoroughly explored, and the Djebel Simʿān, with the exception of a few sites, was unexplored, although distant telescopic observations had shown it to be full of deserted cities and towns.

The autumn and winter were the seasons chosen for the southern journey, and the spring for the northern trip.

Before summer was far advanced, the members of the expedition were on their way by different routes through Europe, and late in September the whole party assembled in Jerusalem, ready to begin preparations for the march. On the way out, Butler had stopped in Constantinople for the necessary permissions and to pay his respects to His Excellency Hamdy Bey, Director General of the Imperial Ottoman Museum. Learning from him that the Museum was very desirous of having the famous Orpheus-mosaic, lately discovered in Jerusalem, Butler offered to take it up and send it to Constantinople.

We left the hotel in Jerusalem on the first of October, 1904, and went into camp outside the city, a short distance from the Damascus Gate, in the olive grove near the Dominican monastery. We planned,

while the work of taking up the mosaic was going on, to break in the camp-equipment, and we stayed here for twelve days, living in tents. The camp consisted of two sleeping-tents, each holding two beds, a folding table and two folding chairs, a dining-tent, a kitchen-tent in which the cook and other servants slept, and a tent which was used for luncheon on the road and as a sleeping-tent for our personal servants at night. Since horses were a very important part of our equipment, some time was spent in selecting them and breaking them in. George Cavalcanty, the dragoman, was in charge of an expedition for the first time, and these twelve days were well occupied by him and the servants in the arranging of duties and responsibilities. The mosaic was successfully taken up, boxed and turned over to the museum authorities, and early on the morning of the twelfth we broke camp and set out on the road to Jericho. Our own cavalcade took the lead: it consisted of seven horsemen, the three members of the expedition, the dragoman, two native attendants who were to assist in each day's work, and one zabtîyeh. The luncheon-waiter accompanied us, sitting astride a load consisting of a tent, some rugs and the luncheon, all



Ill. 1. Jerusalem. Camp in the Olive Grove near the Dominican Monastery.



Ill. 2. Our Horses.

mounted on a sturdy mule — the “baghl lunch” (lunch-mule), as the servants called him. Behind us, and soon out-distanced, came the camp, borne by a train of twenty-seven mules under the care of nine muleteers. The camp was commanded by Joseph, the head camp-man, and Abū Ilyās, the cook, both mounted on horses and guarded by the other zabṭīyeh, who also was mounted. The show this caravan made was brave indeed, and the noise of the mule-bells was almost deafening, rousing the natives for a long distance ahead, and almost drowning the cries and curses of the muleteers as the train encountered passing carts or other caravans, and showed a disposition to turn right about or take flight along some by-path. The caravan carried in huge, though not heavy, loads our tents with their furniture, our personal belongings, great boxes for squeezes and other boxes for our equipment, besides most of our supplies for weeks to come, and not a little fodder for the animals, although we expected to be in a fertile country for several days, where some of these commodities could be laid in stock for the desert journey at less cost than in Jerusalem.

Our plan was to go to Boṣrā and there establish headquarters for the exploration of the plain and the mountains of the Ḥaurān, stopping on the way only for such study as seemed necessary to supplement in some way works already published, at ‘Arāḵ il-Emīr, ‘Ammān, and Djerash. Once away from the cultivated area surrounding il-Ḳuds (The Holy), i. e. Jerusalem, the road passed between desolate hills, winding down lower and lower into the valley of the Jordan, dusty and oppressive as we dropped below sea-level. Above, the hot blue sky without a cloud, around us, as far as one could see, nothing but bare soil, hills blurred by the heat, the dazzling light on the road, and behind us clouds of choking dust. After four hours of comparative misery



III. 3. The Jordan and its Bridge.

the luncheon-tent was pitched, and we sought its shelter during the extreme heat of mid-day. The flies were annoying, but the shade was grateful. Here our camp-caravan overhauled us and passed by on its noisy way, the men saluting us as they passed, and the animals kicking up enough dust to blind and smother us. It was only an hour more to camp at ‘Ain is-Sulṭān, but this, the first day in the saddle, had been a fatiguing one.

The next morning, the expedition started at four o'clock, passed through Jericho, which lies some distance from the river, and halted at the Jordan bridge at seven. The bridge is a strange, crude structure, latticed and cross-braced. We had an excellent opportunity to examine it while waiting for the escort which was to accompany us on our journey. There had been some mistake, however, in the orders, and no soldiers arrived. After an hour's wait the guard, which we had been compelled to bring with us from Jerusalem in order that it might hand us over to our permanent escort, grew impatient and turned back, leaving us to go on unattended. From that time on we were usually able to escape the attentions of the soldiery — a piece of good fortune for us,

for it is quite unlikely that the expedition could have penetrated so far into the Druse and Bedawin country if soldiers had been with us. Their presence would have



Ill. 4. The Bridge over the Jordan.

identified us with the government at once, and the suspicions, if not the active hostility, of the people would have made the journey, as planned and carried out, impossible. So we crossed the Jordan, and two hours later we stopped for lunch in the Wâdî Djerî'ah, resting there until after two o'clock. Then we pushed on, climbing the steep hot slopes of the mountains of 'Ammân to the camp, pitched by the ruins of 'Arâḵ il-Emîr in a sequestered valley high up in the hills, where the air was cooler and more invigorating, once more well above the sea-level.

The following morning we set about our first regular work, Norris to begin the survey of the site, the others to investigate the ruins of the temple and other buildings in the vicinity. That night a fusillade of



Ill. 5. 'Arâḵ il-Emîr: Camp at the Ruins.

rifle-shots brought us to our feet, and made any sort of trouble seem imminent. The noise, however, quieted down at once, and proved to be only a show of force on the



Ill. 6. 'Arâk il-Emîr: Ruins of the Temple.

part of the camp-servants. One of the villagers had agreed to watch the camp and then had demanded four times the promised price, and the shots were merely a reply to his bluff. We stopped at 'Arâk il-Emîr for five days, which gave us time to explore the country round about and to complete the measuring of the ruins, of which a plan was made. George, the dragoman, rode north to is-Salt on the third day, and a Circassian soldier came back with him to be our guide for the next few days, as our road was to take us through country lately settled by Circassians. These Mohammedan refugees from Russian territory, who had been driven out by religious oppression and had found a refuge under Turkish rule, had settled here some twenty-five or thirty years before, and appear to make excellent colonists.

Early on the nineteenth, the camp moved up the Wâdî iş-Şîr to Khirbit il-Bardhôn (Pack-Horse Ruin), which had been visited two days before, lying on the south side of the wâdî. Across the wâdî lies Khirbit il-Başşah, a group of four modern houses, built of stone and with flat



Ill. 7. Khirbit il-Başşah.

roofs, used for storing grain, and stretching between the two places are the remains of a dam which was used to run a mill, so the people said, up to fifteen years before. Near by, on the east, rose Imm iṭ-Ṭalʿ, the highest peak at this latitude between us and the Jordan. Farther on, towards the plain on the east, lay ʿAmmân, the ancient Philadelphia, which was to be our next camping-place. From the summit of this peak can be seen plainly the swing of western country from north to south, the mountains of Judaea, and on a clear day the Mount of Olives. After dinner, some men from the village came to the camp. The servants built a bonfire, and around about it the muleteers danced, holding hands and chanting the melodies of the country. The ten-year old son of our guide was brought forward to sing, a beautiful child, with delicate clear-cut features and jet black hair hanging straight over his forehead. That afternoon his father, Dhîb (the Wolf) by name, had been allowed to look through the telescope of the theodolite: he was greatly astonished and interested; but his naïve explanation held a seed of danger for us all. The telescope was a single refracting one, and when he saw everything inverted, he said: "So that is what this is! They seek for gold, and when they turn the earth upside down the gold falls out and they learn where to look for it."

The next day we continued up the narrow Wâdî iṣ-Ṣîr, cultivated and with oaks scattered here and there over the nearer hills. After an hour we came to il-Muʿallaḡah, a huge columbarium hewn in a cliff about a hundred and seventy feet above the stream. All along here, as far as iṣ-Ṣîr itself, are mills, sometimes with modern houses and gardens near by. Two hours more brought us to iṣ-Ṣîr, a village of some two hundred houses one storey high, built of sun-dried brick. This was the first large Circassian town we passed. The people have kept their Russian dress and character, and their thrift and prosperity were in marked contrast to that of the Bedawin whom we had seen. The fields are well tilled and irrigated, and the ox-drawn carts with solid wheels seemed out of place in this country. We took the carriage-road from the town towards the east, ascending the range which separates this valley from ʿAmmân. An hour was spent at Khirbit Ṣâr in measuring a building of no particular importance. Half a mile to the south of the road, on top of the ridge about three miles farther on, are the ruins called Khirbit Ṣūfiyeh (?). Then descending the eastern side of the ridge we found the camp pitched just outside of ʿAmmân.

ʿAmmân is a town of about five hundred mud-brick houses, extending about a mile down the narrow valley through which flows the river of the same name. This river, in ancient times, was led underneath the city by a very long arched conduit, of which only one section remains. The people are mostly Circassians, prosperous and thrifty. Their houses are well built, and the gardens and flocks are excellent. It distressed us to see how rapidly the ruin of the ancient buildings was being made complete. We saw in a rough wall, enclosing a garden, a well preserved stone sarcophagus, and the few stone houses are built largely of dressed and sculptured blocks. The standing ruins in the valley are used as sheds for goats and cattle, and are filthy. The railway to Mecca comes within three miles, and the modern spirit with its lack of reverence for the ancient buildings prevails everywhere. We found the theatre in use as a camp for a detachment of four hundred Turkish cavalry, mostly Circassians. The buildings on the acropolis are even more dilapidated than those in the town itself. They are not, however, encumbered by modern buildings, and there was enough of interest in

these ruins to merit a two days' halt. The present occupants could not understand our interest and crowded around us, very much in the way.

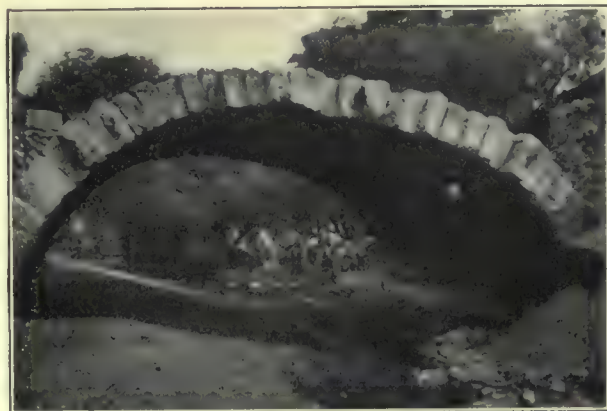
The road, which we took early in the morning of the twenty-fifth, led down the valley



Ill. 8. 'Ammân: General View from the West.

of the Wādī 'Ammân to the northeast. After an hour's riding we passed the railway station, and then followed the line of the railway for two miles to where it swings to the south. Here we went under its well made bridge of cut limestone and, still keeping to the river valley, passed several unimportant ruins and one small Circassian village. After a ride of six miles we reached the extreme eastern bend of the Wādī 'Ammân, where the desert comes close to its bank, and there we camped.

Ḳal'at iz-Zerḳā was distant only five minutes' walk. This is a mediaeval fortress on the site of one of the chain of Roman fortresses which strove to hold the imperial power against the desert and the desert peoples, untamed then as now. The hill itself on which the fortress stands is occupied by a village built two years before our arrival by a Russian community. They call themselves "Tshotshun"; but their language was not understood by our Circassian soldier: however, Circassian and Chechenian are both Caucasian languages. The next morning we continued up the river from Ḳal'at iz-Zerḳā, passing a few mills, for all this valley is planted in maize. After riding about



Ill. 9. 'Ammân: Section of Conduit for River.

six miles we saw the first outcropping of black basalt extending across from the desert into the limestone hills. Here the basalt formed a hill around which the stream curved. Two miles further brought us to Khirbit in-Nimreh, a complete ruin of which little but the name remains. Just before lunch we saw a rock-cut flume which still showed tool-marks. Some of the maize fields had in the middle a raised platform, on which lay a man or a boy, armed with a sling to prevent the depredations of the birds, and to these lonely watchers the sight of our cavalcade afforded a brief diversion. We found the luncheon-tent pitched near a village at the place where a small wādī joins the Nahr iz-Zerkā from the north. We had great difficulty in learning the name, il-ʿIdwān, for the people looked upon us with suspicion, fearing apparently that we had something



Ill. 10. 'Ammān: Ruins of the Acropolis from the Northwest.

to do with taxes or military service. Thence our road led up the small Wādī il-Ḳnaiyeh, containing only a trickle of water.

We left this wādī after about a mile, where it turns to the east, and continued over the mountains, going always north until we reached the top of a ridge, whence we saw the Wādī il-Karm to the east. Winding down the mountain, our road took us to the camp, pitched between one of the theatres and the bath at Djerash.

Two days were spent here, in ancient Gerasa. It was distressing to see the way in which the ruined buildings, even more than in 'Ammān, were being demolished. The chief sport of the boys was a sort of glorified game of bowls, in which great building-stones were detached from the higher parts of buildings and sent crashing down the slope. The so-called agora, a circle formed by slender Ionic columns, was the most impressive sight. The sunset, at the end of the first day, beggars description, with the colors of the ruins close at hand, golden brown and deep sienna, the foliage of the richest and most sombre green, then the plain, misty and vague in a violet haze, and beyond, outlined in deepest indigo against a pale green sky, the mountains to the south.

It was five hours and a half from Djerash to ir-Rimtheh along the road built by



Ill. 11. Djerash: Ancient Bridge connecting the two Parts of the Town.



Ill. 12. Djerash: the Circular Agora.

the Circassians. This led to the top of the mountain, whence, far to the north, one could see the range of the Lebanon and, faintly through the haze, Djebel ish-Shêkh (The Old Man Mountain), i. e. Mount Hermon. Our road took us down to the north into the Wādī Warrân. About four miles farther traces of a Roman road could be seen, coming from the west to cross or join our road. The traces were visible for about three miles, and three of the Roman milestones are still preserved. The road now left the mountains through which we had travelled for two weeks, and ran through rolling plains, bare of trees, but under cultivation. To the east, about four miles away, the low foot-hills begin, and at the base of these runs the Darb il-Ḥadjdj, the pilgrims' road to Mecca. We rode on rapidly, overtaking a wayfarer who was waiting for companions before venturing further into the plain, and by four o'clock we were in ir-Rimtheh. From here we saw for the first time, about thirty miles to the east, the blue Djebel Ḥaurân bounding the fertile plain.

Ir-Rimtheh is situated on a knoll and has about a thousand inhabitants, all of Bedawin origin. There is a spring about half a mile to the northeast of the town. Our arrival aroused the greatest interest. The people crowded around, interfering in amiable curiosity with everything, until finally we were settled and it became necessary to decide the delicate matter of our manner to these visitors. We compromised on a rather distant attitude, allowing the people to squat outside the tents, making no distinctions and showing no special favor. This was unfortunate, for among them eventually appeared a middle-aged man with beautiful manners and a most musical voice: he was the Shêkh, but he did not tell us who he was.

Our road to Boṣrā, ten hours distant, led around a hill to the north of the village, ran a little east of northeast up gentle hills, the summits of which are about two miles from ir-Rimtheh, and then over a treeless, rolling plateau with occasional outcroppings of limestone and ever-increasing black basalt, until, about six miles from ir-Rimtheh, we reached Der'â, a station on the railway from Damascus to Mecca, the "Railway of the Pilgrimage". The basalt used for the houses and the smoke from locomotives

gave Der'â, in Hebrew Edre'î, in Greek Adraa, strangely enough the appearance of a mining town in Pennsylvania. The town is on the top of a long narrow hill, running north and south, and on a similar hill, a quarter of a mile to the south, are the ruins of an ancient castle: we did not stop to examine this, but passed on between the two hills and down the slope to the Wādī Zêdî, where lies the watering-place for the animals and the people of the town. Just beyond this our road joined a Roman road, and on it we travelled east-southeast.



III. 13. Wādī Zêdî: Roman Bridge.

A mile farther on we crossed the railway, and after another mile passed the village of in-Nu'êmeḥ lying to the north. The road was very rough, and there was more and more volcanic rock, the source of which was evidently a cone-shaped mountain on the northeast, rising above the masses of the Djebel Ḥaurân.

Three miles farther lay Umm il-Meyâdhin, a small village south of the road.

After lunch, for which we stopped about four miles beyond Umm il-Meyâdhin, our guide tried to get water at a village, iṭ-Ṭaiyibeh, but was told that the cisterns were dry. Three miles further on, the Roman road was carried over the Wâdī Zêdī by a two-arched bridge of basalt, still in good condition. About four miles beyond it was Ghaşm, twenty-three miles from Der^êâ, and here too the cistern was dry. All along the road we had passed people ploughing in the fields of dark red earth.

On October thirtieth we reached Boşrâ after dark, but we failed to find the entrance to the town, so that we stumbled over masses of broken stone, searching for the camp. At last, quite by accident, we found it pitched, as we learned in the morning, on a threshing-floor immediately east of the Djâmi^ê il-Khiḍr.

CHAPTER II

BOŞRĀ

Our first day in Boşrā was spent in resting: the next was taken up with an official visit from the Mudîr and his son, and with a general examination of the extensive ruins. The outline of the city-wall of ancient Bostra with its monumental gates is still



Ill. 14. Boşrā: General View from the West.

clear, and inside it are temples, baths, a great palace, two triumphal arches and the Roman theatre, upon which the present mediaeval castle was erected, completely concealing its original structure. Of later date are the cathedral, two other churches, and five mosques.

Boşrā is a city of high antiquity. From 85 B. C. to A. D. 106 it was an important city of the Nabataean Kingdom, and then it became the capital of the Roman province of Arabia. It was the seat of a bishop also, and it is still an important town with a Mudîr and a Turkish commandant of the garrison.

The Mudîr was a man of education and culture, well disposed and inclined to be friendly. He paid us a ceremonial visit accompanied by his son, about twenty-two years old, who wore beautiful clothes, adding to his rather extraordinary grace and good looks. Not only the Mudîr but the people in general evinced the greatest interest in all of us. Some one had started the rumor that our ancestors had come from this country, and that we had returned to claim our heritage, principally gold, buried in secret places. In that way they accounted for the map-making and surveying, regarding the theodolite, as did the man at Khirbit il-Bardhôn, as a modern and scientific divining-rod with the compass pointing to the proper spot — "There digge". A short time previously the Mudîr and a Druse shêkh had combined to buy a grist-mill. This was brought on a wagon, the first wheeled vehicle which these people had tried to use. As there were no wagon-roads, it was badly stuck outside the town, and we helped them to extricate it. In charge of the moving was the Mudîr's son, who asked if we were not coming to repay his and his father's call. We went that

afternoon to the house, and found the entrance was through an opening in a high stone wall. This led into an inner yard where cattle were kept, with a stone terrace rising on one side. Behind the terrace was a one-storey house, which had in its center an arched vestibule in which we sat and drank coffee with our host.

The successful treatment of a woman with sore eyes brought a horde of sick and ailing to the tents, while others requested a professional visit. Boric acid, quinine, and calomel constituted most of our pharmacopeia, and it was distressing to be able to do so little. Among the visits was one made to a man who had a knife-wound, two inches long, under the point of his left shoulder-blade, evidently puncturing his lung. The wound, we were told, had been received in a quarrel which had arisen between the man and his cousin over a stick of wood. The Mudîr's uncle, a handsome old man and a descendant of the Prophet, conducted us, and at the house we found the Mudîr and the Turkish Commandant awaiting us. We went into a large room, crowded with people discussing the attack in whispers, and in a corner on a bed of rags, lighted by a smoky torch which flickered and died away, lay the wounded man. The law is odd in such cases. Nothing can be done to aid a man wounded in a quarrel. If the man should die, his assailant undoubtedly committed murder; but there is no way to prove that, had the doctor not interfered, the man might not have recovered. As the racial law of blood-feud which comes before and after the government law is involved, the matter becomes complicated. After a murderer has served fifteen years in prison, as the legal penalty for manslaughter, the family of the murdered man can exact a



Ill. 15. Boşrā: the West Gate.

penalty to satisfy the blood-feud. A sum of money, decided upon after the immemorial custom of the East, must be paid or the murderer's life is forfeit without legal interference.

For two days a man shouted at sunrise and at sunset through the streets: "O ye who hear the word, bless Mohammed! O who has seen, O who has beheld the trap-pings of a horse? He who has seen them and hidden them away, may God cut off his substance and his family! To him who brings them, a reward, a sweetening of one half a medjidi."

On the fifth day an important social event occurred at breakfast. The Mudîr and the chief religious dignitary of Boşrâ came to call while we were still at table. They were much interested in the linen table-cloth and the table-equipment, and finally the Mudîr asked what the toast was. He scorned it when he learned that it was only native bread, but when some English biscuits were produced they all ate. This breaking of bread is the final act in establishing a friendship, and bread is never shared unless there be real regard. As one's social position must be made secure, this visit and the appeal for aid made by the Mudîr's uncle, who as a descendant of the Prophet carried great weight, did much to relieve our minds.

Still the sick came. One pitiful case was that of a young man, a Bedawi from the plains, whose back had been hurt. He was terribly scarred by the hot irons which had been applied to relieve the pain; but nothing could be done for him. He was lying in a tent of camel's wool, as loosely spun and woven as burlap, open on front and sides, so low that it was impossible to stand upright, and with only a smouldering acridly smoking fire of camel's dung to offset the cold wind sweeping down from the peaks of the Djebel Haurân. How the well people live is a miracle. One has to be careful in dealing with hopeless cases. The natives' faith in a doctor's power seems to be unlimited, so that if a patient dies it is the doctor's fault, while if he lives it is only what was to be expected. Then, in a country shot through with superstition and the belief in signs and portents, even an examination may be thought to bring the "evil eye" to bear and to work its destructive power. Through the interpreter Norris preached to the crowd of sick, collected around the tents, a sermon on the ills due to filth and uncleanness. He said that Mohammed devoted a good deal of the Koran to lessons and rules on hygiene and primitive sanitation, and it was explained that sickness came from disobeying his express commands. They were much impressed; but with a people whose age-long habit has been to make their animals inmates of their dwellings, and in a country where water is so scarce, the planting of ideas of cleanliness is difficult, and it is to be feared that the seeds of wise advice fell upon stony ground.

Ramaḍân, the month of daylight fasting, began that year on the eighth of November. On the evening of the seventh our servants invited us to a pantomime. They used the tent as a green-room and the space in front, lighted by two candles, as the stage. The performance consisted of only a few simple tricks; but one loses quickly the desire of civilization for complicated amusements, and our applause and appreciation could not have been greater for a Keller or a Hermann. Early the next morning, a great while before dawn, we were aroused from sleep by a clear, though distant and melodious, voice. It was the cry of the muezzin who chanted his call for prayer on the first morn of the fast-month, while the men of Boşrâ began to gather in the dimly lighted mosque below.

We were at the beginning of a period of eight and twenty days during which we

and our few Christian attendants would be almost the only ones in all this region who were not fasting from sunrise until sunset. Feasting would be the order of every evening. The older people seemed not much affected by the injunction; but the young often began to look pale and wan as the day wore on. This month is a period when all the faithful are taught to fix their minds on charity and good will: even the little children are trained to practice charity. Often, towards the close of day, when we were returning to camp from our work in some distant part of the ruins, we would be accosted by mere babies, carrying each a piece of bread and a basin of meat-balls which they would hold up to us saying: "Take and eat, for the sun is almost set".

One day we were returning from an excursion to Kharabā, attended by one lone Moslem, our groom Rashîd, a stalwart, angular young giant wearing a faded red coat and a dull blue turban. Rashîd sat astride his donkey, holding a bundle of bread and meat-balls, wrapped in a large handkerchief, on the pommel of his saddle in front of him, and eagerly scanning the western horizon, watching for the sun to disappear. The sun was setting gloriously; but for the moment it had disappeared behind a dark gray cloud just above the mountains. "Eat, the sun has set", said our dragoman George, who was often inclined to be facetious with his men. "It has not set", replied Rashîd, eying the cloud wistfully. "Yes it has", said George, "you are a fool to wait longer". The boy sought out Butler, who, he knew, would not make sport of him, and asked: "Khawâdjā, has the sun set"? Butler replied: "No, I will tell you when it has". Almost instantly the sun broke through the cloud and flooded the plain with gold. George laughed guiltily, and Rashîd was divided in his emotions; but in another moment the orb of day was unquestionably gone, and the Moslem boy began to eat ravenously.

By this time a complete survey of the city had been made. All the visible buildings had been measured for publication, and some hitherto unknown inscriptions in Nabataean, in Greek or in Arabic had been discovered and copied. Every day the attitude of the people towards us had grown more friendly, and architectural details and inscriptions built into houses were made accessible. The Commandant was most apologetic for the action of his guard in denying Butler and Littmann entrance to the castle. He paid a special visit to explain, dressed in his most beautiful and elaborate clothes, cordial relations were established, and the next morning we returned his call and finally gained admittance to the fortress. There is an arched stone bridge over the moat, and from the bridge one passes through dark vaulted passage-ways and finally by a double turn into the central court-yard. A flight of narrow and very steep steps, made of the ancient columns which once lined the streets of Bostra, took us up to a flat roof where was the door of the Commandant's chamber. We sat on rugs on the dais which extended the length of the room, and a servant passed us cups of some pink sweetish drink which tasted of mulberries. Then our host made us cigarettes, and coffee was brought in. He told us how he appreciated our coming, for he had no friends in Boşrā, and as he spoke no Arabic his servants were his only companions. He considered his life here as exile, and spoke with longing of his last post in Jerusalem. But our dragoman learned that he had been moved from there because his fondness for brandy had threatened scandal. It had been done for his own good; but he seemed so discouraged after five months that his return to some more civilized place would probably be celebrated in his acquired European way. The Arabs do not relish Tur-

kish sovereignty, and it was easy to see that the visible authority would be subjected to as many difficulties as possible.

We rode one afternoon to the northwest, passing through Djemerrin to Kharabā, a good sized Christian village. It contains about a thousand people, all orthodox Greeks under the Patriarch of Antioch. The priest was away; but his brother or his son, we could not discover which, took us into his house and made much of us. The people live in constant dread of their Mohammedan or Druse neighbors, who swoop down in Highland fashion on the flocks, or compel the people to labor in the fields. On our return from Kharabā by the road which led around Djemerrin we found, about a mile from Boşrā, an arched masonry bridge, built by the Romans and restored in 1226 according to the Arabic inscription which is still in place.

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CHAPTER III

THE MOUNTAIN

Before journeying into the plain, which during the autumn months is parched and dry, we planned to explore hurriedly the mountain country to the north and east of the Djebel il-Ḳulêb, the chief landmark in the mountains, and to attempt to penetrate the Ḥarrah, the stony desert to the east. The expedition of 1900 had reached the northern end of the Djebel Ḥaurân, and coming up from the south, as we intended, we could tie up with the earlier visit in a way satisfactory for map-making. The next day, therefore, being the twelfth of November, we broke camp at eight o'clock and began to cross a plain which rose gradually to the northeast. The road is an ancient one and traces of an aqueduct were seen for some distance outside of Boşrâ. At half past twelve il-Kefr was reached, in the foot-hills of the Djebel Ḥaurân. We had passed several small and unimportant villages on the way.

Il-Kefr lies in a broad high valley, surrounded by vineyards, with here and there a garden and scattered trees. The hills, gray and bare, with the broad black streaks of lava-flows, tower up towards the north, and, looking very near, the Djebel il-Ḳulêb rears its pointed summit on the northeast. The people are Druses and seemed to be much interested in us, watching from the flat house-tops as we wound through a narrow lane between eight-foot walls to an open field, used as a threshing-floor, where the camp was pitched. One or two men came out to see us, then more and more, until at last the Shêkh himself appeared. His pure white head-band showed that he was an initiated Druse. The people have decidedly Semitic features, bold and fine, and are a tall and sturdy race. Though oriental, they by no means hold the women in oriental seclusion; for these are not veiled, and in their freedom and position they seem to be more nearly on a equality with the men. The Shêkh was friendly, and invited us to come to his house after luncheon. This we ate cold while the tents were being pitched. It began to rain, and we were impressed by the efficiency displayed in spite of the seeming confusion and lack of order among the servants.

After luncheon the Shêkh's brother came to guide us to his house, where our high boots caused an embarrassing delay. Finally we entered the room, arched, with a window on either side of the door, and a fire burning on an open hearth in the center. The floor was paved with stone, and the buttresses of the arches, built inside in the usual Ḥaurân style, projected about five feet into the room. We sat on the left side on rugs, while the villagers sat against the opposite wall. There was a brazier with glowing charcoal, and on it the Shêkh's small son made coffee in curiously shaped pots of some dark metal inlaid with copper. We made ablution by dipping our fingers

in a round pewter bowl with Arabic texts inscribed inside and out. When the coffee was ready the boy tasted it and poured it, just a sip in each cup, for us only. It was black, sugarless and flavored with cardamom. The villagers watched us with solemn eyes and in silence, waiting to be addressed by us before venturing a remark. Then a tall ewer was brought, water was poured over our hands, and the visit was ended. Not so, however, the Shêkh's attentions; for he took us through the village, which had some few unimportant ruins and some inscriptions, and finally led us to the very interesting city-gate. This was the only real entrance to the ancient town. It had a door of two leaves, each leaf a single stone, six inches thick and about seven feet high, turning on a pivot and socket hinge.

Outside the town, in a level field, a game was being played, like fox and geese on horseback. Ten or twelve on a side, the young men would line up at either end of the field, about a hundred yards apart. Then a man from one side would ride to the centre and, in a ringing voice, challenge an opponent, praising his own mount to the skies with a wealth of adjectives. Suddenly the challenge would be taken up, and out from the line would dash a rider, and up and down the field they would ride, each trying to tag the other. It gave a chance to show some beautiful riding, but it was not entirely a harmless amusement, on this occasion at least. This, we were told, was the regular manner of celebrating a wedding; but this time the bride was being forced into the match against her will, and a good deal of bad feeling was shown.

That evening some of the men came to the tents, and East and West met musically; for we played our music-box for them, and they performed on their native instrument, a sort of double flute like the ancient tibiae. It is difficult to play, taking, they said, two or three years to learn. Two reeds, each about a foot and a half long, are bound together, each having a mouth-piece like a whistle and six stops. The musicians keep two themes going at once, and with the closer intervals employed produce a plaintive and haunting melody, winding in and out and echoing in harmony like a fugue. What appealed principally to our visitors, and this was true of all the men whom we entertained, was our firearms. They have all kinds, well kept and clean, and they will pay ten pounds sterling for a French carbine twenty-five years old. The guns are bought in Egypt and smuggled through Arabia by Arab traders.

It was a little rainy towards evening and, as we were at an elevation of four thousand feet, among the clouds, it was only at times that we could see far down to the west, across the plain of the Haurân with the blue hills of Gilead beyond. The next day, which was Sunday, was spent in leisure. Littmann and Norris went for luncheon to the medâfeh, which is the guest-house of the village. They had, as apéritifs, two cups of bitter coffee and two cups of very sweet tea. Then the food was brought in and placed on the floor, on a circular mat woven of colored corn-husks. There were piles of bread in thin circular cakes, dishes of boiled partridge, vegetables stewed in milk and, in the center, an enormous round pewter dish of rice. The Shêkh of a neighboring village, after a great deal of urging, was persuaded to join the American guests, and squatted with them upon the floor about the mat, each leaning one arm on a cushion and spreading a towel over his knees. Small pieces of the thin tough bread were torn off, curled in the fingers to form little scoops, and used instead of spoons. The Shêkh of il-Kefr and his friends, who had brought in the meal, sat around in silence. The repast ended with more coffee and tea, and we finally retired

amid the salaams of our hosts and our audience, all of whom had risen when we did.

The sick were always with us. In the afternoon our Shêkh brought in the brother of the Shêkh of Ḵuraiyeh. He tried to persuade us to visit his village, promising us the best of treatment, horses, servants, houses and food, and adding that he had a dearly beloved brother, the Shêkh, who for the past year had had a swollen belly and a bad cough.

The Shêkh of il-Kefr guided us to the top of the neighboring volcanic peak, Djebel il-Kulêb. We went up by the western side, on which the ascent can best be made. The peak is almost a perfect cone, only a projecting spur about half way up on the western side breaking the symmetry. On this spur are the ruins of a temple, of which some architectural details, perhaps Nabataean, are the only remains above ground. On the summit are the foundations of a temple, of native rock squared and drafted, but so few and so badly preserved that no idea of the period could be obtained. Just below the summit, on the southeast, is the crater, long extinct and now filled with oaks of good size growing in profusion. Not far away is a cave, about forty feet square, hewn in the soft rock. The roof is slightly arched from north to south, and leading down from the platform at the entrance is a stairway carved from the south wall, but broken away about twelve feet from the bottom. On the west wall is a square pilaster as high as the chamber, and near it is an air-shaft, three feet square, running up to the open air. The surface had been plastered, but there are no signs of paint on the fragments which remain, and their color, light to darkish green, is evidently due to sulphur stains. There was nothing to indicate the purpose for which the cave was made: perhaps it was for storing snow. About a hundred feet away, five steps of a spiral stairway lead downward into some other chamber, but this was completely filled with earth and stone, and it would have taken a force of men and more time than was available to excavate it. From the summit itself there is a view over all the country in all directions; but there was enough haze to prevent our seeing clearly over the plain of the Haurân. We did, however, have a good view of the cultivated valley lying east of the peak. The ascent took an hour and twenty-five minutes, and at the summit the boiling-point thermometer gave approximately five thousand feet as its altitude above sea-level.

The next morning we could resist the importunities of the Shêkh's brother no longer, and started for Ḵuraiyeh. The way was over barren country covered with volcanic scoriae, with several lava-streams, from fifty to two hundred feet wide, running through it down the slopes from the Djebel il-Kulêb. It was about six miles to the village, and we went immediately to the Shêkh's home, which resembled the other stone houses we had entered, but was perhaps a little more elaborate. On the roof of the largest building was a loggia, behind which was the sick-chamber. The room was crowded with people, two women nursing their children and a veiled woman fanning the flies away from the Shêkh, who lay almost motionless except for the paroxysms of coughing which shook him. Blankets and quilts were piled upon him. His face was thin and drawn, of a very bad color, and his hands were like ice. There seemed nothing to be accomplished by this one visit; but, for the moral effect, Norris took his temperature and felt his pulse. It seemed unwise to leave medicine with these ignorant people, particularly as there seemed little chance of his recovery; but we gave him something for his cough. There was danger that he would not survive the journey

to a hospital in Damascus, which we urged most strongly, and it seemed probable that no doctor would have a chance to relieve us of the responsibility for his death. The next day the Shêkh of il-Kefr asked us if his cousin would live. We said "No", and when, on the following morning, the report of his death came, to our powers was added the foreknowledge of death.

After everything had been done for the patient that seemed possible, we were taken through the village of ẖurayyeh. We saw a Roman cistern, some architectural details, and some inscriptions in Greek which were built into the houses, but nothing of much interest, and then we were led back to the Shêkh's house for luncheon. Returning to our camp we rode north for about three miles over a very rough road to 'Ain il-Ḥalâweh (The Spring of Sweetness), so called from the constantly flowing water. From here it was a ride of about five miles back to il-Kefr.

A day was spent in exploring the country to the southeast, and next day we made a more detailed examination of the ruins on Djebel il-Ḳulêb. Near the temple half way up we found a Greek inscription dated A.D. 520, apparently from a tomb. The camp had left il-Kefr in the morning, so we rode north, going over the lower slopes of Abū Atṭāh ('Aṭā?) past 'Ain il-Ḥalâweh, and reached a level plateau, the western boundary of which, where the ground drops down to the plain, was about half a mile distant. Farther on, we passed nine round towers called ẖuṣṣûr ish-Sha'âf, and a mile beyond, still going north, we crossed the Wâdî ẖarmâṭah, which flows past Suwêdâ to the west of us, a good sized town at the foot of the plateau. Here the country changed from the barren rocky soil of the past six miles. Scrub oak and hawthorn covered the ground until we reached Wâdî 'Anz, and then Wâdî Sî' down which we traveled past the great temple of Sî', to find the camp in readiness in the fertile valley of the Wâdî is-Sâyigh.

Three days later our work on the ruins at Sî' was interrupted early in the afternoon by a visit from Hilâl il-Aṭrash, the brother of Shibli il-Aṭrash, the most renowned



Ill. 16. Aḥmed il-Hadjirî with two Attendants.

Shêkh of the Druses, who brought an invitation for luncheon. The Shêkh has his official residence at 'Ireh, on the western slope of the Djebel Ḥaurân, and we agreed to go to him in two days. A delicate point of etiquette was involved, for too hasty an acceptance would not have been becoming, and yet it was necessary to submit somewhat to this very important personage. The brother was an arresting and romantic figure. Of middle height and very heavily set, he wore an 'abâyeh over a European coat and overcoat, and slung diagonally from either shoulder was a cartridge-belt filled with cartridges of elephant-gun calibre. His heavy fierce moustaches and truculent air made

him a fit emissary for a overlord. His two retainers also were armed to the teeth.

Later that same day, Aḥmed il-Hadjirî, the religious head of the Druses, and four friends called at the tents. He was an extremely interesting person, unoriental in

features, with fair hair and a reddish beard, very intellectual looking, with a thin ascetic face and a high forehead. His 'abâyeḥ was black with heavy silver embroidery in intricate design. Littmann had brought with him a book printed in Arabic, which had an account of some of the Druse religious beliefs, and after a short time the book was given to Aḥmed. He was tremendously impressed and began to read, his oldest companion following the text over his shoulder. It grew dark and a candle was brought in. The two men were deep in the book, Aḥmed following the lines with his finger, his lips moving as he pronounced the sacred words in a low murmur, his white-bearded companion bending over beside him in deepest awe and reverence. It was a picture which would have delighted Rembrandt, with the single light on these two, the rich coloring of their dress, and all the rest in shadow. Finally he looked up and without a word passed the book to the others, who kissed it and held it to their foreheads.

The road to 'Ireh took us in an hour and a half to Suwêdā, at which we made no stop, then ten miles more to 'Ireh, the usual village of one-storey stone houses, with the palace of Shiblī, a huge rambling congeries of buildings enclosing a courtyard filled with mud and water, ducks, chickens and cattle, with the Shêkh's dwelling-house of two storeys at the far end. An outside stairway took us up to the roof of the first storey, across which we walked and were ushered into the great man's room. Shiblī was lying in a corner, covered with rugs, with a charcoal brazier to give warmth. There were several men in the room, and two veiled women fanning away the flies. The room was disappointing, for the trim was of plain unmoulded wood, the windows were of ordinary glass sash and, though the rugs were fairly good, there was none of the gorgeousness one might expect in the Shêkh's palace. Yet, as we approached the couch, the disappointment took on a tinge of sympathy and sorrow, which grew as we realized how low this mighty one had fallen. He was suffering from something like dropsy, and for over a year he had been compelled to take a less and less active part in affairs: for the past month he had been confined to his bed. He hinted that his condition was due to slow poison, given when he had been kept in captivity by the Turks after the Druse rebellion. One could see the worry and distress which preyed upon him as he grew weaker and let the reins of control slip through his hands. He was a capable man and a leader. The two women sat without speaking. The elder, dressed in almost European clothes and evidently his wife, pushed back her veil. She looked Greek, and she may have been a Syrian Christian. The other, in full Druse costume with headdress and veil, was his daughter, and they both were most solicitous and careful of his comfort. But the effort of talking plainly tired him, so that when directions for taking the pills had been given, with every show of appreciation and gratitude he waved us into an adjoining room where food was waiting.

It was raining by the time we had finished. We mounted and set out on a road which led a little farther to the east, through Resâs, then west a little through Suwêdā again. It grew dark before we had gone far up the slope; but the horses proved wonderfully surefooted, picking their way over and among the rocks in safety. The rain stopped and the moon came out as we climbed into the valley of Sî^c. The solitude of the hills around us and of the ruined temple of Sî^c, as we toiled along, was in effective contrast to the warmth and light of the tents. But the camp was not the restful place it had seemed to be. Joseph, the chief servant and our waiter, had procured a bottle of 'araḵ while we were away, and by the time we had finished dinner

he was well on his way to intoxication. He was small, but of extraordinary strength, so that when sober he ruled the camp. Drunk, he became filled with the spirit of all his ancestors, and then the other servants avoided him like the plague. That night he bubbled over with uncharity. In a great bull voice, the rough Arabic gutturals rumbling and booming, Joseph cursed. We learned from the others that Joseph was cursing everybody's religion and life, ancestors and offspring, till the very air crackled. We went to our tents and tried to sleep: finally in despair we commanded silence. Instantly Joseph stopped: then in a little while from far up the valley came a low deep roar, as he wandered alone, cursing to himself in the moonlight through the long night.

The Bedawin had left the hills, for there is water in the plain on the west during the late autumn. From the summit of Tell Abū Ṭāseh, the mountain which forms the end of the Wādī is-Sāyigh, no signs of habitation were visible. It is a desolate spot, with no living thing or sign of living creature, and covered with volcanic deposits. The country all around is rolling, with an occasional peak rearing its head above the plateau, none appearing difficult to climb. By this time a good deal of work had been done on the ruins of Sī^c. The fallen building-material had been moved from the great gate leading in from the middle court of the temple, bringing to light the smaller temple of Dūsharā, and part of the court had been cleared. A number of important Nabataean inscriptions were found, together with sculptures and details of the same period. The ancient name of this famous place was in Aramaic She'ī^c, rendered in Greek ΣΕΕΙΑ: this we learned from a Greek-Nabataean bilingual inscription which was found by the expedition of 1909.

One morning, at breakfast, we all had a bad few minutes when the chief retainer of Shibli il-Aṭrash appeared with three or four in his train. We feared that the Shēkh was worse and that the journey must be made again, or that he had died and the men had come for vengeance. But they had come bearing gifts. The day following our visit the great man had risen from his bed of pain with a good appetite, and he had been eating three meals a day ever since, renewing his youth and astonishing his household. He was the more impressed because the Damascus doctors had made him swallow boluses of nauseating stuff, with pummelings and poundings, and with no benefit to him after all their exertions, while we, with a few wise questions and some tiny pills, had accomplished a cure. The messenger asked if there were more of the pills which might be given to his master, or, failing that, if the prescription might be given him, for he had great wealth and would send, even to Europe, for the miracle-working drug. So he was sent back with the medicine, rejoicing, and we felt that our position was secure in this country of the Druses, at least for a time.

The next morning, the twenty-ninth of November, we started northeast for Tarbā, on the eastern slope of the Djebel Ḥaurān, four and a half hours from Sī^c. The expedition in 1900 had visited the village. We stopped for lunch on the road while the camp pushed on, so that the Shēkh of Tarbā, Ḥasan Abū Sallām, learned of our coming. He had not forgotten the Americans, and rode out to meet us with an escort. It was a gallant sight as they came, firing off their guns as a salute and displaying some wonderful horsemanship. His three sons, Sallām, Fāyiz and Hāni, were with him, and soon Fāyiz rode alongside of Butler, with whom he had been a great favorite five years before when a boy of fourteen. The Shēkh had been very anxious at that time

that Fâyiz and his brother should go to America, and Fâyiz, to whom the romance and adventure of it had appealed, had begged and begged to be taken. His final argument had been: "If the Khawâdja does not take me with him, I shall have to be married very soon." Now Butler reminded him of this threatened fate and asked if during these years he had managed to avoid a wife, to which Fâyiz shyly, but rather proudly, replied: "Oh no, I have been married twice."

We reached the village and Hasan invited us to dine with him; but it was late in the afternoon, and, knowing that it takes twelve hours, at least, properly to prepare an Arab meal of ceremony, we persuaded him to dine with us that night. The dinner would have been embarrassing had not Hasan's perfect manners and ease, and the general feeling of intimacy and friendliness carried off several contretemps.

It must have been rather difficult for him to sit at a European table and to use our knives and forks. The passing of dishes did bother him, but after Joseph had prevented him from taking all on the first one and had explained in a quick aside, any further mistakes — and very few he made — were treated as jokes. He was intelligent and very observing, and as he had a sense of humor his dignity was never ruffled. He is a small man, but he bears the marks of leadership. His voice is rather high, but it has a ring to it. Around him floats the aura of strong personality, and his eye is keen. He has a strong backing and an avenue of escape towards the east, where the Bedawin tribes would give him sanctuary.

It was very interesting to associate with these people so intimately. Conditions are patriarchal: the clan is paramount and individuals are important chiefly as making up the clan. Among their valuable possessions are great flocks of sheep and goats, watched over by Bedawin, remnants of disintegrated tribes, vassals and dependants of the lordly Druses who keep themselves proudly apart. We succeeded in learning something of their civil life. A widow with a minor son may represent this son in the village council. The women are comparatively free, seeming even freer here at Tarbā than at il-Kefr. But the family remains the unit of organization, under the direction of someone who is recognized as its head. Grown men with wives and children of their own live at the father's house, under his command, dependent on him and never questioning his authority.

Conditions here are still similar to those described in the Book of Job. Watchmen are always on the housetops, ready to warn of any attempt by the desert Arabs to descend on the flocks. We passed many times in the fertile valleys oxen ploughing, with the asses which had brought their yokes from the village grazing in the grassy level which was fast being turned under by the plow. Such news as that "The oxen



Ill. 17. Shêkh Hasan Abū Sallām.

were ploughing, and the asses feeding beside them: and the Sabeans fell upon them" might today be brought in by a sole surviving servant.

At this time Ḥasan Abū Sallām was keeping quiet, for he had feuds on his hands with the people of Shaḳḳā and of Nimreh to the northwest, for which Fâyiz



Ill. 18.

his son was responsible. It seems that when Fâyiz was first married the bride was a girl from Shaḳḳā, the daughter of a powerful family, so that it really was an alliance. There was a gleeful celebration and much rejoicing; but after a short time (we could not discover the reason, but perhaps it was the last struggle of an unwilling husband) the bride was sent back to Shaḳḳā. Her family, as might be supposed, considered themselves insulted. The bad feeling must have been increased by Fâyiz' second marriage, but it was difficult to find out details of the trouble or how active the hostilities had been.

In the evening a heavy wind arose, accompanied by a cold rain. By morning it was blowing hard, and when, in the afternoon, two of the tents were blown down, we accepted the Shêkh's offer of shelter in his house. The room given us was large, with good rugs on the floor. An odd touch was a shelf of plain wood running the length of one side, bearing cups, saucers and plates, grouped around an empty beer-bottle as the central ornament. The swords and guns on the wall, and the circular mats of woven and colored straw called ṭabaḳ under the unpainted shelf, gave a touch of brightness and life. The room was scrubbed as clean as a kitchen in Holland, not just for us but as its usual condition. Very early in the morning we were aroused by what we supposed to be thunder. Butler hastened out to see if there was anything left of the tents, and he found the Shêkh and Sallām, his oldest son, sleeping outside our door. They explained that the noise was not thunder, but that Fâyiz and Hâni were taking advantage of the rain to roll the earth-covered roof while it was soft. We, therefore, turned over and slept again, secure in the protection of these hospitable people.

The weather grew worse. We spent the day writing and receiving calls in the meḍâfeh, offering unsweetened coffee, and tea like syrup, to our guests. The people told us that American coffee had been in use for some time. We insist on Mocha, and they are delighted with coffee from Rio: truly the distant has always a glamor. The other tents blew down during the next night; but in the morning we found breakfast ready as usual, with our table set in an arched recess by the meḍâfeh and the cook busy over his charcoal stove as if nothing had happened. But six inches of snow were very unwelcome. It melted a little during the day; but we did not attempt to move the camp. After lunch Butler started for Damascus with George, the dragoman, and two muleteers, and we held another reception. Then an example of superstition and misdirected kindness came to our notice. A man who had ophthalmia had called in a Druse woman-doctor. She believed thoroughly in counter-irritation. She

had branded him over his head from ear to ear and through each temple had thrust needles with thick cotton thread, taking a stitch about an inch and a half long, and tying the ends over his ears. Just how long before our visit this had happened could not be learned, but his temples were infected and greatly swollen.

We had felt the cold severely; but the people seemed to mind it not at all. The Shêkh's youngest son, about three years old, came running up as we sat in the meḍāfeh, his feet bare and covered with icy mud. He had seen one of our revolvers and cried for it, so that he might kill Bedawin. The only attention paid to him was by his father, who poured cold water over the child's feet, so that the rugs would not be spoiled. Then he sat him down by the open door with the icy wind blowing over his still wet feet and told him to be quiet. There the child sat as still as a mouse, and as comfortable, apparently, as if he were warmly clothed and in a perfectly heated house.

But Littmann was anxious to get at his work on the Safaitic inscriptions, the early Arabic graffiti which abound on the rocks near the old camping-places in the stony desert to the east. Therefore, on the fourth of December, since no snow was falling though the roads were bad, we said farewell to Ḥasan and left Tarbā. We were provided with an escort of nineteen horsemen, who made an imposing array in their long cloaks and with their rifles slung over their shoulders. It was very slippery and the confusion was great, for besides the nineteen Druses who galloped around, impatient to start, we had ten camels with five drivers, fourteen mules with four drivers, and four donkeys. Whenever a donkey or a mule slipped, his load would shift and would have to be readjusted; but in an hour we were below the snow-line on the eastern slope of the Djebel Ḥaurān, and before us lay the black stone desert, the Ḥarrah, like a great sea with its waves beating at our feet. We passed through id-Diyātheh, about five miles to the south, with its remains of a Roman fortress but no inscriptions, then turned east along the Wādī ish-Shām, which is rather wide here and contains a succession of pools in the sand rather than a stream. Five miles farther to the east the wādī enters a ravine between cliffs about twenty-five feet high, and five miles still farther we entered il-Ḥifneh, a Bedawin camping-place in the wādī bottom. Evidently this has long been a camping-place, for scratched on the dark basalt with knife-points are many inscriptions in the so-called Safaitic, a pre-Islamic Arabic dialect. They are mostly proper names, many of them derived from the names of heathen deities or of wild animals, and in some cases the scribes played tricks on their illiterate companions whose names they were writing, and wrote something quite different from what these companions supposed or intended. Here, in the afternoon, we held a shooting-match, offering a gold piece as a prize. This put every one in good humor: afterwards the Druses sang and danced, and then we had a mimic cavalry-battle.

We continued down the wādī, through another camping-place, ir-Ruṣṣī, to an oasis, il-Mrôshan, where everything was soaked with water. We picked out as the driest place a sheep-pen, in use apparently from a time antedating the Safaitic inscriptions, and pitched the tents there. There were great numbers of graffiti here also, of the same character as at il-Ḥifneh. Here there was a better place for feats of horsemanship, and the Druses made a wonderful display, urging their horses to top speed with yells and war-cries, cloaks flying and rifles waving, then guiding them in and out, in S-gyrations, in figures of eight, in circles, and then away again like the wind to the limits of the plain. Then with a shout they would turn and come charging at the

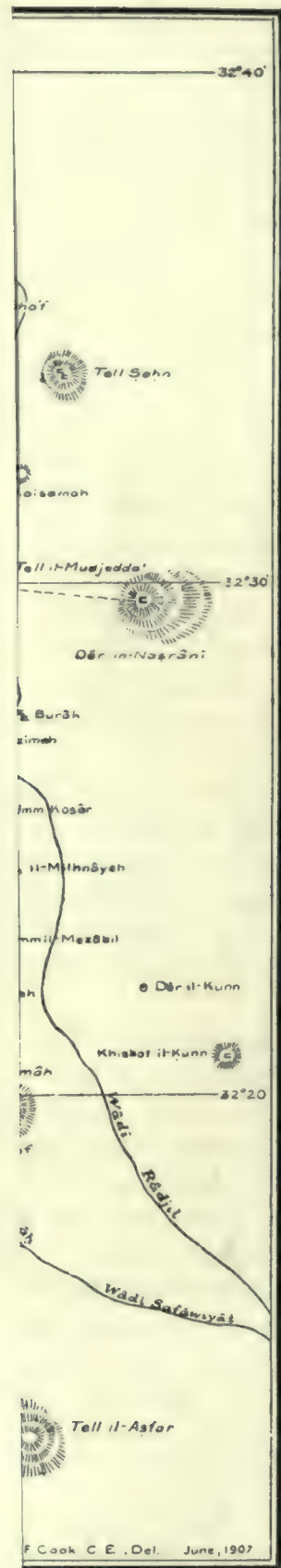
camp, dividing their ranks at the last moment and whirling past like storm-borne leaves.

We made an early start for in-Nemârah, still following the wâdî to the east. In about two hours we reached a spring which never dries, according to report. A low hill rises out of the wâdî bottom, about two hundred feet long, and on this hill we found many evidences of Arab burials. At the southwest end there is a stone enclosure with a hinged door, evidently the remains of a Roman military post, for the graffiti in Greek and Safaitic tell of soldiers dead and gone. It is regarded as a holy place, the saint unknown but reverence still guarding his supposed grave. Hanging on the walls were pious offerings, locks of hair, bits of clothing, trinkets and other objects. One hour's ride from here brought us to il-ʿIsâwî, where we camped. Here were many evidences of Bedawin encampments, piles of stones and cisterns, and on the eastern slope hundreds of Safaitic inscriptions, so many that we decided to spend all the next day there. The second day we left in the morning and covered the country to the west and south. To the west of il-ʿIsâwî is a lava stream which has spread out into the district called the Şafâ, and in it are seven round hills, collectively called il-ʿIlimmeh. The whole country is covered with volcanic scoriae, and very barren, though the wâdîs sometimes contain pools of water. Meanwhile the camp had gone north, leaving the Wâdî ish-Shâm, and was pitched at Ẹabr Nâşir in the Wâdî il-Gharz. Copying the inscriptions by the way, and swinging back towards the west and the Djebel Ḥaurân, with the Şafâ to the north, we camped at Şenaiyim for the night, and next day, the thirteenth of December, after a ride of four hours and a half we arrived once more in Tarbâ.

The snow had gone and Butler had returned, so that after a day of exploring around Tarbâ we started north through Têmâ and past il-ʿArâdjeh, where the Shêkh rode out to meet us. There was a blood-feud between the men of the two small villages of il-ʿArâdjeh, separated by a wâdî, so that we had a little difficulty in looking for inscriptions. The Shêkh of the western village made a point of breaking bread with us. We left after lunch, and riding south by a different road we passed through Dûmâ, whence we returned to Tarbâ.

We broke camp next morning, going south over cultivated country having mountains on the west, and on the east, distant a mile or two, the easy descent to the desert of the Harrah. Mushennef, an attractive town with a beautiful little temple, is entered on the north by a well defined Roman road. We found traces of this road as we journeyed south on the way to Bûsân, which was reached in four hours and a half from Tarbâ. The desert lay farther and farther to the east as we rode south, and the country was flat and under cultivation. Tell idj-Djêneh stood out high above the western boundary of mountains. We camped at Sâleh the next night, then rode on through ʿOrmân, northeast of Şalkhad, and pushed on to our camp just in the shadow of the hill on which the castle of Şalkhad stands.

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CHAPTER IV

THE SOUTHERN ḤAURÂN — ŞALKHAD TO BOŞRÂ

It was now the sixteenth of December, and enough snow had fallen to make it likely that we should find water in these lower stretches. There was a good deal of country to cover and of work to do, for the southern plain had been explored but little.

Şalkhad has an Arabic castle set on a high hill, which rises from the level plain and is visible for miles in all directions. It is an important place, with a telegraph line



Ill. 19. Şalkhad: the Castle from the Southeast.

to Damascus and a garrison of a hundred and fifty Turkish soldiers. The site shows many signs of early habitation, and the ancient city must have been a center of Nabataean civil and religious life. The drums of columns which seem to have belonged to a colonnaded street bear evidence of a Roman occupancy; but most of the inscriptions and architectural details are built into modern houses and are difficult to examine. The later castle and the modern town have left little standing, and the remains of both the Nabataean and the Roman periods are disappointingly few.

The Turkish commandant proved very friendly and one morning asked Norris to see his wife. Norris found her in a condition which, in the western part of the world, would have been called neurasthenic. The poor woman had come from Constantinople three years before, leaving friends and all pleasant associations, to find in this place nothing. She had no occupation for her mind, there were no women who spoke her language: she thought she could not leave the house, and time must have passed on leaden feet. There were no children, her servants did the household tasks, and there she had sat day after day, with nothing to make life endurable. Norris prescribed out-of-doors in large quantities, wherever and whenever possible, and even the prospect of that did her good.

Butler and Littmann, meanwhile, had ridden to 'Uyûn, an hour northwest of Şalkhad, a deserted town containing well preserved streets and the remains of many houses, the lintels and sculptured blocks of which had been taken by the Druses for modern dwellings. A stream, partly enclosed in a conduit, ran through the town. Sections of the circuit walls were found intact. Thence they rode to il-Kâris, a fortified monastery on the top of a tall rock to the west.

Several days were spent at Şalkhad, for there was a good deal of work to be done in the castle; but early on the nineteenth the tents were taken down. We started towards the east and found the country under cultivation, with flat stretches of plain and gentle hills. A Roman road, between high banks, led out of the first small village, and a herd of cattle disputed passage with us. 'Auwaş, about four miles farther on, detained us for only a short time, for we found the houses despoiled of cut stone and inscriptions. Two miles more brought us to il-Medjdel, where we stopped for four hours. It is a charming walled town, deserted, but with the ancient houses in good preservation. It began to rain, and we lunched in one of the houses well protected by a roof of stone slabs, still in place and in good condition. There were six cisterns (birkeh), a public square, a ruined church, and streets well paved and with sidewalks, all deserted almost as if the people had just been called away to some winter festival. Beyond, we turned north over ploughed land, very soft and sticky in the rain, and after crossing the Wādī Râdjil a mile distant reached the camp at Melah (Melah iş-Şarrâr) two miles farther.

In the morning it was still raining; but there seemed to be a chance of better weather, and we examined the town between showers. The Shêkh took us to his house and placed a room at our disposal. He was very hospitable, as are all these people, and to the surprise and delight of us all proved to be a nephew of our old and distinguished friend Shiblî il-Atrash. But the weather-prophets were without honor, for the rain turned to snow the next day, and we sat huddled about a charcoal brazier in the Shêkh's house, unable to work and very uncomfortable. An unexpected event, however, helped to pass another disagreeable day. The Shêkh asked us to see his mother, who was ill. It was the first time that the domestic side of Druse life had been opened to us. On being taken to his mother's room, we found five women, all except the patient with their faces veiled to the eyes. She came forward to receive us, while the others sat still, their dark and lustrous eyes regarding us bashfully but with intense interest. There were three small children playing on the floor, one with a rag doll. We were conducted to cushions near the brazier on which the Shêkh's mother made tea for us, boiling it with half a pound of sugar until it was

like syrup, while the other women sat at the far end of the room, literally in the cold.

In the morning snow covered the ground, but was no longer falling. To the northeast of Melah, about a mile away, is Tell il-Mudjedda⁶, a hill rising from the level plateau about two hundred feet, oblong in shape and running north and south. About two miles to the east is the edge of the plateau, from which the ground slopes gradually to the desert fifteen hundred feet below. On the north end of the summit of the hill are traces of foundations, probably of a monastery; for the ruin is too large to be a single church and there are no signs of a town near by. We found what seemed to be a chapel, with an apse at its eastern end. The climb was difficult, through stiff mud so sticky that each foot lifted a great clod at every step. In fact the weather was presenting a serious problem, and we decided to make haste from the high tableland into the plains on the southwest. The animals would lie down and refuse to move in the snow; but the next day we managed to start, and the camp moved down to Imtân, about ten miles away. We had ridden to Burâk through iṣ-Ṣâfiyeh the day before in an hour and a half, and back through Khâzimeh. Now we rode to the east to Dêr in-Naṣrânî, an outpost of the Ḥaurân range flung out against the desert. We explored the country that day, riding from Imtân a little north of east to the eastern Umm ẖoṣêr, then south past il-Mithnâyeḥ and Umm il-Mezâbil, then turning westward to meet the camp which had gone on to I'nât. There were several ruined villages on the way, uninhabited because the Bedawin were in the plain at this season.

The next morning we separated, Butler and Littmann riding south to Dêr il-Kahf, while Norris went southeast to Tell Irmâḥ, a low hill which commands a limited view of the plain. It was about five miles to the summit through country without distinguishing features. Dêr il-Kahf was one of the forts of Roman times. Inscriptions found that day show that it was rebuilt and enlarged in the time of Constantius Chlorus, and again under Valentinian, Valens and Gratian. It lies on the crest of a slope which drops away into the level plain of the desert. The six square towers at the corners and in the middle of the longer sides of the ancient walls, dating from the first rebuilding in the time of Constantius Chlorus, are partly preserved. So great was the size of the fortress that we estimated that it could have held a garrison of a thousand men, with stabling for sixty horses. From here the road led back through idj-Djubaiyeh, a ruined village, where the only signs of life were Bedawin shepherds watching the flocks of the Druses. There were the remains of a monastery here, with part of the church and its tower still standing.

From I'nât the camp went on in the morning to Umm il-Ḳuṭṭên, while we rode west through the western Umm ẖoṣêr, over ploughed fields, and then southwest to a small ruined village, ẖara'ah, where we stopped to examine the arched cisterns and the stables in which the ruins abound. The whole village is deserted, but at times it is used by shepherds as a shelter for their flocks. Then we went on to Tell B'ât, a group of ruined houses on a hill, from which we could see the country to the west sloping down to the plain. As we continued to the west we passed a modern Druse village, il-Mughaiyir; but there was nothing of interest there, and we rode on to the camp at Umm il-Ḳuṭṭên. This is a very extensive ruin, the largest town in this district so far. We found several Nabataean inscriptions, including a fragment dating from the time of the Nabataean king Rabb'el II, who reigned between A.D. 71 and 106; but all the architecture is of the Christian period, and there is no building earlier than

the fourth century. There are many good examples of domestic architecture, three churches and a very extensive monastery. The town is divided into two sections by a depression, 50 m. broad, running east and west.

On the last day of the year Norris returned to Tell B'ât, which had seemed to be the only commanding elevation from which to take sights. The work here was hindered by showers; but by noon enough had been done, and it was possible to turn back towards camp. To the west of il-Mughaiyir we visited a large ruined building, which had not been seen the day before. It proved to be of uncertain origin and purpose, for all the movable stone had been taken away. In the middle we found three Bedawin tents, in one of which was a full blooded negro. The men came up while we were resting, squatted down and watched us. We asked if they were shepherds and were watching flocks, and they said: "No, we are not doing anything. We have no flocks. We have nothing other than God."

In the morning we started for Tell il-Ḳo'ès, a hill to the southwest of Umm il-Ḳuṭṭên. It was a wonderful day with a gentle breeze from the south. From the summit of the hill the desert on the east lay stretched below us, and to the south, on the fertile plain, the first blades of grass were coming up, covering the ground with a faint delicate green. The tents of Bedawin shepherds were scattered here and there: everywhere were flocks of sheep and goats and herds of camels. The country stretched on and on to the horizon, everything flattening out in the distance except the rougher contours. There was no town or ruin, but only a country and a people.

On the way to 'Anz, whither the camp had gone from Umm il-Ḳuṭṭên, we stopped for coffee in the meḍâfeh at il-Ghâriyeh, a Druse village lying in the valley between two hills. The Shêkh joined us, a pleasant, well spoken man, though just a few weeks before, so said camp gossip, he had harried a Christian village in the plains and carried away a beautiful girl. Three miles north of 'Anz is Tell 'Abd Mâr, a hill with an almost sheer drop on the north, but sloping gradually on the southern side. We rode there in the morning without incident except the finding of an inscription half way up the hill. In the evening at 'Anz there was a battle. During the day some people from Şalkhad had come to 'Anz and had tried to force an old man to lend his oxen for their plough. He refused and was being badly stoned when the people of his village ran to his assistance. Driven off, the people from Şalkhad had come back in the evening for revenge and reprisal, stealing cattle and trying to burn the houses. Joseph foolishly seized a Winchester rifle and joined in. The crack of the high-powered rifle was so different from that of the black-powder guns which all the people used that every one knew at once that we had taken sides. Luckily no one was hurt and no damage was done; but the excitement was very great. The marauders withdrew, and for some time sang battle-songs around a fire, so that we expected a renewal of the attack. Finally, however, they ceased and went away out of sight and hearing.

In the morning we learned from two men of 'Anz that their position was a desperate one. There are three hundred Christians in the village, living in constant terror of the Druses, who steal and kill without penalty. They have neither priest nor church; but they have preserved their orthodox Greek religion. These two men were the first Christians who had been allowed to talk to us since we left Boşrâ. The next day was spent in exploring the country to the north and east. A sequel to the battle was the report which one of our servants brought in. He had been left at il-Meshkûḳ to make

squeezes, but shortly after our departure the men from Şalkhad had come, torn off the squeezes and threatened him with stones. They cursed him and said that they were coming that night to kill one of us, because we had helped the people of 'Anz with our foreign guns.

About five minutes east of il-Meshkûk is Dêr il-Meshkûk, which proved on examination to be of great interest. There are the remains of a second century pagan temple, which was converted into a church in early Christian times, apparently restored to pagan use under Julian, once more turned into a church, and finally in the middle ages changed so as to be available for living purposes. Inscriptions carried away by the Druses to neighboring villages help to give the history of this ruin. By this time the country had been explored, and on the following morning we started back to Boşrâ, for that was the best point from which to begin our travels to the south. For a large part of the way we followed a Roman road, passing through several ruined towns of no particular interest.

During the two months which had passed since our first visit to Boşrâ there had been a great change in the country, and now it was in a much better state. The cisterns were full of water, and already some calves and lambs had been born. Our return to Boşrâ brought us into society once more, and we made and received calls all day. The Commandant under the benign effects of a little brandy — he said there was not a drop of spirits in the town, "No, not even for God himself, had he desired it" — had a pretty story to tell. He asked if Norris had received a fee for visiting the man with the knife-wound, and when he was told that we charged no fees he disclosed graft in high places. The Mudîr had collected four medjidis from the man when he recovered, saying that it was impossible for us, who were very important persons, to receive money directly. This explained the extreme solicitude of the Shêkhs who had asked us to treat the sick. In many cases, probably, the poor devils had been mulcted for the supposed fee, and we had been thinking how careful the Shêkhs were of the public health!

CHAPTER V

CITIES OF THE SOUTHERN PLAIN

Preparations for our further journey completed, we said farewell again and on the ninth of January started forth, going west and then south in order to visit il-Umtā'iyeh. A well defined Roman road led out of Boşrā a little west of south, and the Wādī il-Āqib, which we had crossed both east and south of Şalkhad, watered the country east of the highway. There was not much of interest. We stopped for an hour at il-Mu'arribeh, inhabited by both Christians and Moslems, to examine the ruins of some ancient private houses. All the buildings were in the best Ḥaurān style; but they showed no new features. Then we went on through Ghaşm, inhabited by settled



Ill. 20. Ghaşm: Type of Settled Bedawin.



Ill. 21. Ghaşm: Type of Settled Bedawin.

Bedawin, to Şuhb and thence on to il-Umtā'iyeh, where we arrived at five o'clock. The road had been very good all day, hard and straight and very nearly level, but dropping very gradually as we left the lowest slopes of the Djebel Ḥaurān.

Il-Umtā'iyeh, sometimes called Umm idj-Djimāl iş-Şaghîreh (the Little), numbers, apparently about two hundred inhabitants, all Moslems. At this time it was supplied plentifully with water brought in ditches from the Wādī Buṭm on the southeast and the Wādī Zêdî on the west. The following day began with rain; but there was not

enough to make mud, and by eight o'clock it had stopped entirely. We seemed to be just within the area of rainfall for this part of the country. It was quite noticeable that south of $32^{\circ} 30'$ the showers were light and far apart, while the periodic storms in the rainy season passed north of this line. Heavy clouds were often seen to the north when the southern horizon was clear. This night was an example, for the clouds coming from the west were drawn to the north before reaching the country south of us. Thus there was snow all over the Djebel Haurân as far south as Şalkhad, but it had not touched the western ranges except the highest peaks.

Samah lies southwest of il-Umtā'iyeh, about two miles from the Hedjaz Railway. It contains four groups of buildings on the south side of the Wādī Buṭm, and a separate cluster in a valley about three hundred yards away. The buildings are all of the customary black basalt, though there is an outcropping of good limestone which could have been used. The modern village consists of two Mohammedan families, who live in perfect security, for they belong to a strong and wide-spread clan called the Zi'biyeh. Their condition differed greatly from the state of fear and uncertainty which we had met recently, and the contrast was particularly apparent in the appearance of their land, fifty acres and more, which though unprotected was well cultivated and apparently safe from raids.

The next day at Umm is-Surab, while we were exploring the ruins which lie in five different groups, an Arab walked by at a little distance. Peter, one of the servants, ran to intercept him in order to learn some of the local names, but as soon as the Arab saw Peter he began to run, much terrified, with Peter in hot pursuit laughing at the man's fright. Then our guide from Boşrā appeared, and after a little persuasion the Arab stopped, but held the two men at a distance with his revolver much to their amusement. The offer of a cigarette, however, allayed his fears, and finally he came near, explaining that every one was his enemy and that he had to be very careful. Suddenly, in the midst of a sentence, he put his hand to his ear, and then we all heard the faint notes of a song coming from afar, where two or three persons could just be distinguished from the goats which they were tending. Thereupon he took off his 'abāyeh and his shoes, and left them with us, while he went, as he said, to water his goats. Off he ran towards the goatherds, keeping below the skyline; but before he came within their view he stopped, and taking off his coat, which was blue completely lined with red, he turned it inside out, changed his kaffiyeh and went on. He reached the goatherds, talked to them a few minutes, then turned his coat again and returned to us. We asked him why he had behaved in such an extraordinary fashion. With a perfectly straight face he said that it was his sweetheart who had been singing, and that he had disguised himself to play a joke on her. The whole affair seemed unaccountable, until Peter found two donkeys tethered in one of the ruins. The Arab explained that he was keeping them for a friend, but in a few minutes he slipped away, and both he and the donkeys disappeared. He may have been a scout sent to learn the strength of our party, or he may have been surprised by us in some knavery. At any rate he had communicated with his friends and they had all made off. We never learned whose donkeys had been stolen, nor did we see the man again.

The camp had moved on to is-Summākīyât, a ruined town which lies on both sides of a tributary of the Wādī Buṭm. There are numerous inscriptions here, nearly all sepulchral. The town contains ten Mohammedan and fifteen Christian families, all

living at peace with one another, but in constant dread, in this lawless borderland between Druses on the east and desert Bedawin on the south. Of this dread we had a striking illustration. When Butler went back to Umm is-Surab to finish some measurements and to take a squeeze of a Nabataean inscription, one of the villagers who had gone with him suddenly saw four horsemen at a distance. In great fear he climbed the church tower to watch them, hiding behind part of the wall at the top. After some minutes he came down and said: "Thank God! They are not coming in this direction." We had been constantly feeling the vast difference in customs, beliefs and point of view which separated us from these people; but fancy living in a place where the mere sight of a distant stranger would throw one into such a panic!

About two miles northwest of is-Summāḳīyāt there is a junction of two Roman roads. One is the great road built by Trajan which led from Boṣrā to the Red Sea, while the other led to Djerash by way of il-Fedên. Near by is Kôm il-Menârah, the ruin of a very ancient building, made of rough stones measuring about four feet by three feet by one foot and a half. About four miles to the southwest, near the road to the Red Sea, stands Ḳaṣr il-Bā'īḳ, a large and interesting Roman fortress. From here we could see il-Fedên on the southwest and our next camp-site, Umm idj-Djimāl (the Mother of Camels), on the southeast. The railroad too was visible, skirting the hills on the west. The desert stretched all along the southern horizon, the sprouting grass giving it a color like the patina of old bronze. Flocks with their shepherds and the clusters of dark brown tents relieved the flatness, until it reached the hills far away to the south. There were no roads, but the country was level with practically no stones and no cultivated areas, so that the going was good all the way to camp at Umm idj-Djimāl.

Here there were about twenty tents in the ruins; for Bedawin were tending the Druse flocks. Many young lambs were playing around the tents while the sheep were at pasture some distance away. The grass was very short and there was no water as yet in the cisterns. The ruins proved more and more interesting as we penetrated farther into their past history. The town is unique, a complete city of fifteen centuries ago, well preserved and essentially complete. But the Druses are creeping nearer, and the Hedjaz Railway lies about ten miles away. Already the Druses claim Umm idj-Djimāl as a part of Dhībîn, twelve miles to the northeast, and soon they will need the cut stone, and one by one the ancient buildings will be demolished.

At first there was great difficulty in getting drinkable water. The horses were led off to a pool, nearly dry, three quarters of an hour away, and we tried not to think of the thick, dark brown fluid, scraped from the bottom of a pond which had been used by all the creatures of the place, sheep and goats, camels and men. But on Sunday Peter, following some ducks, found a pool of clear water half an hour to the southeast, and this saved us from discomfort for a little while. We spent the day exploring some tombs two hours to the north of the city.

At first the people seemed suspicious of us. They were not hostile or resentful of our presence, but merely avoided us. Then one afternoon about thirty Druse horsemen appeared, and quartered themselves on their subjects, the Bedawin shepherds. They came crowding around us, interfering with our measuring and surveying, peering into the tents, and finally squatted in a circle a little distance off, talking earnestly together and watching us closely. Then the Bedawin also began to come in, giving

various pretexts. One woman asked for medicine for her brother, who was "covered with shame", for his beard would grow for a week and then would drop out, leaving him an object of mockery and a byword among his fellows. A more genuine case was that of a man to whom we gave some boric acid; but after he had heard and repeated our directions for dissolving the powder in the clearest water which he could find, he asked innocently: "Shall I mix coffee with it?" But at least our attentions gratified them, particularly the women, who seemed to enjoy their visits hugely, one of them smoking a long-stemmed pipe with a stone bowl.

The weather grew appreciably colder. Snow was falling steadily on the mountains and covering the ground even below the level of thirty-five hundred feet. Finally, one



Ill. 22. Umm idj-Djimâl: the Northern Part, View toward the North.

cold bleak winter day the Druses and Bedawin left, rather ostentatiously as it seemed. We were a little concerned to see, in the afternoon, the flicker of a brown 'abâyeh among the ruins and then to find a Bedawi who had been watching our every move, and the next day our muleteers brought back the report from Simdj, a village to which they had gone for water, that the Druses had come to Umm idj-Djimâl to rob and despoil us. They had changed their minds when told of our rifles, which could shoot ten shots to their one, and had retired to consider the matter. In reports of this kind our muleteers and even our servants took particular delight.

The cold increased and the supply of water grew less. The only source had been the little pools left in the otherwise dry wâdis, and this was of a thick yellowish green. Nothing had been heard of either Druses or Bedawin; but the feeling was strong among the servants that they were near by, waiting for an opportunity to seize our horses.

One day when Butler and Littmann had gone to explore ẖoşêr il-Hallâbât, a ruin some hours to the south, three of our men took the horses and mules for water. When luncheon time came and the horses did not appear, anxiety grew, and an armed force made ready to go in search of them. Before the force left, however, the horses were sighted across the plain. But it was time for Butler and Littmann also to appear, and the rescue-party still held themselves in readiness. Darkness came and we were in a quandary; for, as we did not know by what road they would come back, it was difficult to search for them. Finally we hung a lantern high up on the south side of a tower, fortunately just in time, for they were making their way northward at least half a mile west of the camp, and were pushing on blindly when they saw the light.

Since the work at ẖoşêr il-Hallâbât had not been finished we decided to go there again. But the camp could not be moved to that place because it had no water.



Ill. 23. Camp in the Wâdî il-Âķib.

Therefore two tents were packed with the lightest possible equipment, and we made ready to start. The rest of the camp moved northward to wait for us at ẘîsiyeh. We made a start shortly before noon on the last day of January, intending to camp as near as possible to ẖoşêr il-Hallâbât and have the following day for work there. So we went south across the desert, and after a ride of three hours we camped in the Wâdî il-Âķib near the end of one of the great lava streams which flowed down from the Djebel il-Ķulêb. The outcrop showed horizontal stratifications, which had broken into huge blocks, almost perfectly quadrated. From here we could see our goal, ẖoşêr il-Hallâbât, a group of ruins half way up some hills three miles to the south, and about a mile east of it, in the plain, a ruin called by our guide Ĥammâm iş-Şarakh. Early next morning we left the muleteers to guard the camp, and set out over the

desert. The ground was flat and for the first two miles strewn with flint, then covered with scanty grass and *hamḍ*. We crossed a limestone ridge running southwest, about two hundred feet above the plain; it is covered with broken flints and agates. This was the first definite change from the volcanic black basalt.

From the low hill on which rises the fortress of *Ḳoṣêr il-Hallābât* there was a wide view towards the east, but the walls of *Ḥammâm iṣ-Ṣarakh* were the only ruins visible. To the south could be made out the low walls which marked out the fields, cultivated when this was a Roman stronghold, but on the west and southwest the higher hills shut out the view. The country was absolutely devoid of life, without flocks or tents, and dry, with only bunches of the hard desert grass. The weather was very cold, and in the afternoon a snow-squall set in, which later turned into driving rain; but in spite of it we were able to make measurements of the fortress and copy the



Ill. 24. *Ḳoṣêr il-Hallābât*: the Interior.

inscriptions that we found. These inscriptions bore out the evidence of the building itself, that it had been an important Roman fortress; but the time was too short to make anything like a thorough investigation. It would repay a later visit in the spring, when water could be had and a longer stay could be made.

The road to the ancient bath, now called *Ḥammâm iṣ-Ṣarakh*, was across what seemed to be the most level land for miles. About a mile to the east and running north and south there is a landmark, visible for some distance, resembling a bank of yellow clay, barren of vegetation. It is called by the natives *il-Ḳâ*. Such formations are common here, several smaller ones being visible from *Ḳoṣêr il-Hallābât*. According to our guide these sometimes catch and hold rain-water, so that they look like raised pools, and are called *Ḳiân Khanneh*. About six hours east of the bath is a range of hills called *il-Manâsif*, and three hours south of this is reported to be *Ḳal'at Ezraḳ*. *Ḥammâm iṣ-Ṣarakh* proved to be of early Arabic construction, built of light yellow limestone and very well preserved, with the vaulting and one dome still in place. It was strange to find this very magnificent and luxurious establishment here in the desert, with the nearest building, the fortress, nearly a mile away. There were traces

of an aqueduct, coming in from the northeast, and two cisterns, one round and the other oval, the sides of which were lined with finely cut and fitted limestone. They had been used recently as a place for depositing bodies of sheep. Our approach



Ill. 25. Hammâm is-Şarakh: View from the East.

disturbed a large bird at his feeding, and he winged his way out with a great noise and flapping.

The light was waning, and in the storm it was easy to lose one's way in this trackless waste. So we hurried back to the camp in the wādī, and early next morning



Ill. 26. Hammâm is-Şarakh: Dome.

we left on our return to Umm idj-Djimāl. The little work that was still to be done there was soon finished, and in the afternoon we made our way over the ridge between the valleys of the Wādī il-Āqib and the Wādī Buṭm to Ṭisiyeh.

At Țisiyeh we found some Bedawin shepherds encamped near the village. There was great activity among them, for the Druses were collecting for a raid against the independent Bedawin of the Belḳā, who had attacked some of their shepherds near Tulûl Kharâneh, a group of hills three hours southeast of Țoşêr il-Hallâbât, killing one man, wounding six others, and carrying off a hundred sheep. All next day the people kept coming in. They were fleeing for protection, and though we could learn nothing of their plans, apparently they were also gathering in force for reprisals. With them came their flocks, and around the tents were about a hundred lambs, from two days to two weeks old, all very unhappy in the cold rain. One band with fifteen camels and three donkeys pitched their tents next to ours. The camels knelt down, were unloaded and turned out to graze, and within half an hour the tents were up, fires lighted, the women at work preparing food, and everything was in order. After dinner half a dozen of the Bedawin came to the kitchen-tent and entertained the servants with songs and dances. They seemed friendly enough, but Peter was sure that the mist and rain, which had interfered with observations on the way from camp in the Wâdî il-Âḳib to Țisiyeh, had been heaven-sent and had saved us from their raiding.

From Țisiyeh we set forth to make a rapid survey of the district east of Umm idj-Djimâl along the Wâdî il-Âḳib and between the wâdî and Boşrâ, planning to return to Boşrâ for an exploration of the southwestern corner of the Djebel Haurân before leaving Southern Syria. The first night was spent at Şabḥah, a deserted town on the south side of the Wâdî il-Âḳib. Next morning we rode eastward along the wâdî for two miles to Khân il-Kadîsh, a completely ruined group of buildings with nothing of much interest. Another mile brought us to ir-Rukês, the remains of very ancient fortifications on a small round hill. Here the wâdî turned to the northeast and we left it, continuing southeasterly to Sa'âdeh, another deserted village at the edge of the desert. The country was cultivated, and there were many Druses ploughing in the fields, and flocks grazing on the short grass.

At Sa'âdeh there were about a dozen Bedawin tents. While we were examining the ruins a dispute arose between our guide from Boşrâ, Moḥammed il-Mizzâwî, and one of the Bedawin. The servants had all been rather nervous, which must account for and excuse the dragoman's foolishness; for he seized a rifle and hastened toward the crowd to defend Moḥammed. As he pushed through the struggling crowd, a woman seized his gun by the muzzle and swung in between him and the two men. As usual, the fight confined itself to words, with a good deal of right on the side of the Bedawi as it appeared, for we learned that some time previously Moḥammed had stolen a donkey and then had traded it for a goat to the desert Arab. The latter had been caught with the stolen animal and imprisoned, and naturally he sought redress.

The next morning the camp moved northwest to id-Dêr, while we visited several ruined towns, Miksar, Kharâb iş-Şakhl and Țasîl. We halted only at Țasîl, and from there followed a Roman road northwest to Simdj. It was a cold wet day with rain and hail and snow; but we kept on our way and by two o'clock we reached id-Dêr, which lies in the midst of fields owned by the people of Boşrâ, and about a mile west of Khuraiyib, a ruined town on the south side of the Wâdî Buṭm.

In the morning of February eleventh we started for Boşrâ in a steady downpour which made the road a trough of mud. We rode ahead with Moḥammad, the guide, and sought shelter in his house while the camp and caravan were making their

difficult way through the slough. At last they arrived with stories of hardship, telling of beasts that had stumbled and packs that had slipped, and describing as the crowning touch how the bell-mule fell into a mud-hole up to his ears and had to have carpets spread to afford him foothold. Their troubles, however, were just beginning, for the camp-site was a lake of mud. But nothing daunted them and, although they were soon covered with mud from head to foot, we dined as usual.

Meanwhile Moḥammed told us stories. He was an interesting type of the Ḥawârneh, the town-dwelling natives of the Ḥaurân plain. A short time before, he said, he had



Ill. 27. Moḥammed il-Mizzâwî, a Type of the Ḥawârneh.

married a Bedawin girl, an orphan, and on that account the marriage gifts given to her uncle had been small. When the chief of her tribe learned of the price for which she had been given, and that in addition she had lowered herself by marrying a Ḥaurânî, a despised house-dweller, his free desert heart knew no bounds to its rage and he made several attempts to kill Moḥammed. Finally Moḥammed had loaded a camel with rice and sugar, and early one morning had stolen up to the Shêkh's tent. Holding the tent rope for sanctuary, he presented his gifts and craved pardon: his prayers were granted, and he had lived in security from that time. For such is the law of sanctuary: even a mortal enemy, once he reaches your tent, must be taken in, fed and clothed if necessary, and for three and a half days after he has left your shelter he must be kept safe from harm.

We rode southwest next day through various ruined towns, and spent an hour at Hammâs, where we found the remains of a small fortified town of high antiquity with a square birkeh on the north side. The following day we rode northeast from Boşrâ through il-Maḍḥak to Ḥuẓḥuz, a ruined town with remains of fortifications, and thence to Ẹuraiyeh a mile to the southeast. We also visited Welî iz-Zaḳḳâḳ, the burial-place of some Mohammedan saint on the summit of a small hill about three miles west of Ḥuẓḥuz, and from here rode back across very muddy fields to Boşrâ. The streams in the wâdis were all much swollen and difficult to ford.

We moved on to iṭ-Ṭaiyibeh for the night of February thirteenth and reached Der'â by noon of the next day. Here, with the exploration of some limestone caves outside the town and with the study of a number of Kufic inscriptions, our winter trip came to an end, and we boarded the train for Damascus at half past eight, leaving Butler to follow after us with the camp. His road to Damascus led through the plain west of the Djebel Ḥaurân; but he was able to make a hurried trip across that curious area, the Ledjâ, with its jagged masses of basalt. He reported interesting buildings all along the route of the direct journey through the plain, and an important field for research in the lava-covered region of the Ledjâ, which seems to have been thickly populated in antiquity. But he had been unable to make more than a very cursory survey of the ruins, and was already planning another visit to round out our work in Southern Syria.

CHAPTER VI

DAMASCUS AND THE NORTHERN ROAD

It seemed strange to be living once more in a hotel, and to be walking along paved streets with shops on both sides and all the movement of civilization clamoring in our ears, after the silence and loneliness of desert stretches for so long. But there was need of an interval before starting again on the road. All the members of the expedition needed some relaxation. New supplies had to be collected, and the equipment of the camp renewed. Prentice arrived from America to join the party, and a horse and servant had to be provided for him.

After a few days the tents were pitched again, in a pleasant garden just outside the city, and we moved in. The weather was clear and delightful, though the sponges froze at night. We were fortunate in finding in Damascus at this time Mr., now Sir, Mark Sykes, and Miss Gertrude Bell, the latter of whom we were to meet again later in the ruins of Kerrâtîn. Finally, on the second of March, we broke camp and started on our northern journey.

We followed a macadamized road leading northeast out of the city, with the mountains of the Anti-Lebanon rising to their snow-covered summits in the west. After ten miles we gained the plateau: the mountains receded towards the west, while before us lay a fairly level plain. For the next few days our road would lead through country of slight archaeological interest; but we were seeking a highland region, *il-ʿAlā*, of whose ruined sites the Expedition of 1899 had heard, and beyond, *Ḳaṣr Ibn Wardân*, which had been published by Strzygowski from photographs made by M. von Oppenheim. The former expedition had covered a part of the northern field between Antioch and Aleppo; but there also we were sure of finding new territory. We camped first at *il-Ḳuṭêfeh*, having travelled through country described in the Syrian Baedeker, and early the next morning began to reach country a little beyond tourist visits.

There were several modern villages on the road to the pass through the mountains. We crossed the divide near a mediaeval building called *Khân il-ʿArûs*, and stopped beside an extensive ruin, with no inscriptions, for lunch. About fifteen miles from *il-Ḳuṭêfeh* we left the mountains for a broad valley, with ploughed fields extending some distance up the slopes on either side, but with no sign of vegetation yet. We reached *in-Nebk* and camp by six o'clock. The town is very attractive, with houses of white sun-dried brick, plastered on the outside, and with trees and gardens extending a mile to the north. This was the end of the macadamized road from Damascus, with its easy grades and well made stone culverts. There are about six hundred families here, of which one hundred and fifty are Christian. We had coffee and cigarettes with the *Ḳāimmaḳâm*, who was most polite but insisted on forcing two soldiers upon us as

an escort and protection. We left by ten o'clock, without the soldiers however, and reached the camp at Şadad by six, having passed Dêr 'Aṭīyeh, a large village like in-Nebk, and several small ones of only a few houses each.

Şadad is a large town with extensive vineyards and gardens on its northern edge. It contains six churches, three of which are still in use. The people belong to the Syrian or Jacobite Church. This body of Christians has existed as an independent church since the reign of Justinian, when Jacob Baradaeus organized those Christians in Syria and Mesopotamia who clung to the Monophysite doctrine of the single nature of Christ, proclaimed heretical by the Council of Chalcedon in 451, and condemned again by the orthodox Justinian. This Church, though now greatly reduced in numbers, has still its own patriarch, bishops and priests, and its liturgy is in ancient Syriac.

After dinner a Jacobite priest called on us. He was a fine looking man, with a spiritual expression. He was tall and slender, with a full beard of iron-gray, and he wore a black hat with the brim on top and a long black cloak edged with fur. His manner was easy and dignified, quite like that of any educated ecclesiastic, though he told us that he had never been far beyond the limits of his district. When he was about to leave, he informed us that on account of our arrival a high mass would be held the next morning, Sunday, at ten o'clock in place of the usual celebration.

On our arrival at the church we were seated in the apse among the deacons. The congregation presented a striking scene in their bright oriental costumes, the men wearing their Arab headdresses, the women in white veils standing on a raised dais at the rear. The service was solemn and impressive, beginning with a procession of acolytes bearing incense, then the deacons in long white copes, with four Greek crosses embroidered on the front and back, and finally the priest wearing a robe of pale blue. The major part of the service was in Syriac, with Arabic introduced here and there. The singing of the choir was remarkably fine, for these Syrian men and boys have beautiful voices. It sounded somewhat like Gregorian music, but was strangely and weirdly different, quite unlike the ordinary native singing. Perhaps it may be a survival of the church music of the fourth century. Littmann called our attention to the fact that the main heresy of the Monophysites was embodied in a clause inserted in the "Hymnos Trisagios", which was about to be sung. We were astonished when they reached this clause, (Holy God, Mighty, Deathless,) *crucified for us*, to hear every man and boy shout out the schismatic words at the top of his lungs, just as in all probability they have been doing constantly for fifteen hundred years, although for ages there has been no one on hand to dispute the point with them. The service proceeded until the actual communion was reached and the deacons began to partake, communicating in both elements. As the priest neared us, Littmann asked the deacon next him if we were expected to communicate. Going over to the priest, the deacon whispered to him and he came to us. "But you are Christians", he said. "Yes, we are Protestants", Littmann answered. "But you are protestant from Rome. We are before Rome, and embrace all Christianity. Of course you must communicate", he said, and seemed satisfied. The end came and the congregation was dismissed. We had half assumed that we had been invited to attend in order that we might make a contribution to the offering, but no such opportunity was afforded us. Indeed it was not until late in the day that we were able to persuade the priest to accept a gift "for the poor of the parish".

The following morning dawned with heavy clouds and thick mist. As we were about to mount and depart we descried a little procession making its way toward us from the village. Presently we could make out the tall form of the priest, and then the little figures of the acolytes. The priest was bearing something precious, as we could see. Solemnly he approached, and without any salutation, began: "You are going far into the desert, into danger perhaps: you will be far from the comforts of religion: I have brought you of the reserved Host, to have with you in case of illness or death". That was all he said: then he bade us farewell, and we rode away deeply touched at this man's interest in our souls' welfare. The mist began to lift when a breeze sprang up, and entirely disappeared as the breeze became a heavy wind, blowing in our faces, sweeping across the plateau which is practically a desert, quickly drying up the earth, and raising great clouds of dust as we forged ahead against it.

Il-Ḳunaiyeh, a village of four or five Noṣairîyeh families, lies in the plain. These Noṣairîyeh are a religious sect, an offshoot from Mohammedanism, and are described at length by R. Dussaud in his book *Histoire et Religion des Noṣairîs*. We continued over the plateau, arriving at last at iṣ-Ṣābūnîyeh in the foothills which form the northern



Ill. 28. Tell id-Ḍura: a Village of Ḳubab.

boundary of the plain, then pushed on to camp in the hills at il-Furḳluṣ, a Christian village rebuilt by people from Ṣadad some five years before. It lies on the south bank of a wādî which opens to the southwest along the southern edge of the mountainous boundary of the plain. There are about forty houses, conical in shape and built of unbaked brick covered with whitish clay, which gives them the appearance of large bee-hives. This was our first glimpse of these Ḳubab which were to be so familiar to us as we travelled northward. To the east of the town there is a fort of unbaked brick with a small garrison of Turkish soldiers. The soldiers were placed there after the town had been destroyed by the Bedawin under Shelâsh il-ʿIrr four years before our visit. There are some remains of ancient fortifications on the south side of the wādî.

The road followed the wādî, which had an occasional village on its banks, and early in the afternoon we reached il-Wurêdeh, where we camped. This is another Christian

village, of five hundred people, which supports a school and a teacher. The teacher's food is supplied by his pupils, and he receives a salary of a hundred and fifty piastres annually from the Russian Mission. Still following the wādī to the north we went by a Kurdish village, named il-Ḥamidīyeh after the Sultan, and then a large Circassian village, 'Ain Zât. Three miles beyond, we passed a Circassian town of about two thousand, Tell 'Amrī, where the wādī turned more to the east, and we continued north over a low range of hills, thence descending gradually till we came to Tell id-Ḍura. This is a village of ḳubab with about two hundred families of the Ismā'īlīyeh sect. In the morning we continued north, and came within reach of our first goal. We had arrived in view of the 'Alā, a basalt table-land full of ruined cities, of which much had been heard at numerous places along the Aleppo-Ḥamā road on the journey of 1899-1900. We had conjectured that this basalt region must be a part of the same hills, the northern end of which had been explored in 1899, namely the Djebel il-Ḥaṣṣ and the Djebel Shbêt, southeast of Aleppo. It was with the reports of the 'Alā that there



Ill. 29. People of Shêkh 'Alī Kāsûn.

had come the stories of il-Anderîn (Androna), and of Kerrâtîn or Tārûtîn it-Tudjdjâr (Tarutia), which must be about midway between the north end of the 'Alā and the Djebel il-Ḥaṣṣ.

About a mile from Tell id-Ḍura, we crossed the carriage road from Ḥamā to Selemīyeh, with its line of telegraph poles, a strange sight in this waste land. We reached the edge of the 'Alā and passed along its western side, looking for a break in its rather steep slopes by which we could enter. Just beyond a small Bedawin village, Ishḥalā, three miles from Tell id-Ḍura, the road turned to lead up the slope, and we found ourselves on a fairly flat table-land indented on the east by a broad cultivated valley, with ir-Rubbeh, a small black basalt village, on the farther side. To the north of ir-Rubbeh, there was a small hill with remains of ancient terracing, and the people spoke of a deep cave extending two hundred metres into the hill. This we did not find. The town was owned by a man from Ḥamā who showed great hospitality and lavished upon us laban, the curdled milk of the country, coffee and cigarettes. After

lunch we continued north through Ṭarrâd, a small Mohammedan village, and arrived at camp at Shêkh 'Alî Kāsûn. This is a fairly large Mohammedan village, built of black basalt, and sheltering some four hundred people. The inhabitants here, as in most of the villages of this basalt region, are settled Arabs, who have probably not been nomads for several generations. Living from hand to mouth, they glean a scanty subsistence from patches of arable soil which lie on the edge of the desert extending all along this tract to the east. The people of Shêkh 'Alî Kāsûn were, according to their own story, somewhat recent settlers from the region of the Lake of Tiberias.

CHAPTER VII

IL-‘ALĀ

Our first night in the ‘Alā was eventful. In the morning we woke, ready for a day’s exploring, to find that certain tents had been robbed. The thieves had shown great skill in removing some of the pegs, and while one had held up the side of the tent, another had reached inside and, deftly gathering up the covering of a table, had slipped the bag thus formed out to his companions. In Littmann’s tent was a saddle-bag under the bed: this also had been abstracted, all without a sound to waken us or any of the servants, or either of the two Turkish soldiers who were our guards.

When the theft was discovered the excitement was great among our people. The first villager to approach was an innocent shepherd with a pan of milk for sale. The servants set upon him with sticks, upset his milk and cursed him. Then the two watchmen were cursed. Finally the two soldiers, who had gone to the village to say their prayers, appeared. They also were cursed, and one was seized by the ear and led to the tents to view the scene of the crime. In spite of the cursings, the missing things remained concealed. The skill with which the robbery had been executed seemed to bear out the peoples’ story of their coming from the Lake of Tiberias, for Ṭabariyeh is noted for its tent-thieves. The two Shēkhs of the village, the civil and religious heads, were sent for, cursed, and told to find the stolen saddle-bag with its contents, and all the toilet articles taken from the table. A crier was sent up to a house-top, and all the people were called in from the fields and told that each should take a bag of tibn, the chopped straw used for fodder, and empty it by himself in a room. After all had dumped their burdens and the room was full almost to the roof, a search was made through the straw by the two shēkhs. But even this availed nothing, and the shēkhs and the two watchmen were arrested. Butler took them to Ḥamā, five hours to the southwest, to hand them over to the authorities.

Greatly disappointed by our reception in this hill country and unsettled from our routine, we had to consider the matter closed, and after lunch we tried to get down to our regular work. There is a welī on the summit of a hill ten minutes to the north of the village, apparently the highest point in the ‘Alā, rising about a hundred and fifty feet above the plateau. There were three poor Greek inscriptions here. Later we rode to Sabbā’, twenty minutes away, a small knoll with a village of twenty houses of black basalt. Here there were the remains of a large building, dated 547 A. D., and several inscriptions. The next day we rode through the country to the east, stopping at Temek for some hours to explore it thoroughly. Here is a tower, a large part of which is still standing. Inside the tower was found a metrical inscription,



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evidently pagan, belonging originally to the portal. We left at eleven, and went on twenty minutes farther to Umm it-Tuwêneh, where twenty Bedawin families were living in the ancient houses. There is a ruined church here, quite large, and we found three Greek inscriptions, one dated 577 A.D. From there we went north fifty minutes to Nawā, a deserted village, said to belong to a man from Ḥamā. In ancient times this was the site of a large town; but the ancient buildings are now completely ruined, with the exception of a tower connected with a small convent. Among the ruins were the remains of a large church, to which belonged five inscriptions containing quotations from the *Song of Solomon* and from the *Psalms*, executed in relief. One of these inscriptions is dated 598-9 A.D. An inscription from the convent bears the same date. Other inscriptions in these ruins contain the dates 468, 483-4, 559, and 574-5 A.D. The natives reported an inscription buried in the débris on the east side of the ancient town, beside an arched entrance; but we could not stop to find it.



Ill. 30. Temek: Ruins of the Tower.

We passed on to il-Habbāṭ, the ruins of an ancient town, poorly built and now uninhabited, covering several acres. In it were found the remains of what appeared to be a temple of the Roman period. Thence we returned to camp, arriving about six o'clock.

In the afternoon of the next day, which was Sunday, Aḥmed Agha il-Bazzāzi (?), our friend from ir-Rubbeh, came to intercede for the villagers of Shêkh ʿAlī Kāsūn. Eight soldiers, who had been quartered there in consequence of our complaints, were making the people kill sheep and chickens for them: therefore women and children had come to him to beg our mercy. He offered to pay for the stolen things, and took off his coat to give us that. He also brought a rabbit as a gift. We accepted the rabbit. After a polite farewell, he came back and asked if we could spare a bottle of cognac. But he had to be content with a bottle of red wine bought in Damascus for two piastres. Monday, the thirteenth of March, took us northwest two miles to Tell id-Deheb, a small Mohammedan village where Greek inscriptions of the years from 469 to 492 A.D. were found and copied; then to Zabbûdeh, near by, where we lunched. An hour more a little west of north brought us to il-Berdôneh. This is a small village of Mohammedans from Ḥamā, who have used the ancient material to build their houses. It is the highest inhabited point in the ʿAlā, so that the new square house of the proprietor serves as a landmark for the country on all sides. Here were two undated Greek inscriptions, our only finds. This was our point farthest north for the time being; for turning here we went south through Umm Ḥārtên, which had nothing but one inscription to detain us, and finally reached camp again by six o'clock.

We explored the country to the northwest the next day. At it-Ṭaiyibeh, about five miles distant, there is a settlement of Bedawin of the tribe called it-Turkī, who did

not welcome us. But we copied several inscriptions of the sixth century. Then turning to the southwest we reached Ẹunbus in half an hour. This is a village of settled Bedawin. Here is a mosque built of more ancient materials; but the most interesting find was a chancel-post with an interesting relief carved upon it. This was the figure of a man standing upon the top of a slender column, a pillar-hermit no doubt, perhaps the holy Simeon himself. The work was crude, the figure drawn much as a child would draw, and almost as high as the column on which it stood; but it was interesting to us as the only bit of sculpture of its kind we had discovered thus far in Syria. From Ẹunbus we journeyed north again to see id-Duwêbeh, and turning south went through Idnîn on the way to camp. Ẹarrâd, il-Ôdjâ, Rasm il-Baghl, and il-Êwir where lives Ẹabd il-Kerîm Pasha, the Shêkh of the Benî Khâlîd, were visited, all with little profit. Butler returned that day at half past five from Ẹamâ, where he had turned the offenders over to the Mutaşarrîf, and proceeded to visit all the more important places where we had found architectural remains. The camp had been at Shêkh ẸAli Kâsûn for over a week, and all the country within reach had been thoroughly examined. Consequently on the next day, the sixteenth, we moved north an hour and a half to Ẹalbân, a small ruined town with a few Bedawin of the Djumlân tribe, at present engaged in a blood-feud with the men from iṭ-Ṣaiyibeh. Tell id-Deheb lies about a mile to the south-southeast. In Ẹalbân were found eleven Greek inscriptions, and a bi-lingual in Greek and Syriac which is not dated. North of Ẹalbân, about three miles, is iṭ-Ṣûbâ, a small uninhabited village, and near by was a group of tents of the Bashâkim. Just to the north of iṭ-Ṣûbâ the ground slopes downward, so that the country lies spread out before one. The Shêkh of the Bedawin, who was an intelligent man, knowing the country thoroughly, was with us when we examined the lower land to the north. We could see no traces of ancient monuments, nothing but a Ẹubbeh village. The Shêkh said that several other villages were hidden by the rolling ground, but that they were all modern: consequently we decided to turn eastward, and reached Abû il-Ẹudûr in half an hour. This was an inhabited town among ancient ruins, with a covered cistern on the highest point of the hill on which the town stood. The only yield was one Greek and one Syriac inscription, the former dated 574-5 A. D. It was becoming more and more apparent to us, as the dated inscriptions and buildings one after another were discovered, how short a period had been required to develop here an extraordinary culture, and what a sudden sweep of the sword had put an end to a prosperous civilization with all its interrelations and contacts with the outside world.

We stopped at il-ẸAnz, half an hour to the north of camp, long enough to find two Greek inscriptions. Thus the ẸAlâ was explored, and we left the hill country for a time to traverse the stony desert which stretches eastward to Palmyra, sixty miles away. This desert had been skirted on the east, as the Expedition of 1900 came down from the Djebel Shbêt; but near its western boundary lay Ẹaşr Ibn Wardân, our next goal.

Our visit to the ẸAlâ had not been quite up to our expectations; yet we all felt that we had been well rewarded for our pains in exploring it. Even if we had discovered little or nothing, our quest would not have been in vain; for a negative result would have satisfied the curiosity aroused in us by the tales we had heard of the black ruins of towns on the plateau. As it was, we had found a large number of Greek inscriptions, some of them of considerable importance, and every Syriac inscription

discovered in this region is a find worth mentioning. The architecture, too, is important historically in connection with that of the regions to the west and north; but it is uninteresting. It could have had little charm, even in its palmiest day, for the Christians of Syria never succeeded in making beautiful architecture out of basalt, and in its ruins it is without superficial interest because, owing to poor construction, little is preserved except ground-plans and scattered details, which need the restorer's touch to give them a semblance of architectural form. The pagan architecture was better, no doubt; but it was destroyed by the Christians, and the Christians of the region themselves, like those of the Djebel il-Ḥaṣṣ still farther to the north, were not as good architects as were those of Southern Syria, although these also had to use the same black basalt as material.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CITIES OF THE DESERT

On leaving the 'Alā we passed through il-Mishrifeh, then turned eastward down a gradual descent to the desert. The first desert town was ir-Ruḥaiyeh, with only three habitable houses and a ḳubbeh or two; but there were eight Greek inscriptions among the ruins, one from the middle of the fourth century. We were able to trace the ground-plan of three basilical churches, all of similar form and dimensions, grouped about a colonnaded quadrangle, one on the north, one on the west and one on the south, connected together at the angles of the court. This is a unique arrangement, and interesting as evidence of the former importance of this deserted place. The only break in the level expanse was two miles to the north, where Tell ir-Ruḥaiyeh rose solitary two hundred feet high, a point on the line dividing the wilāyets of Damascus and Aleppo. On the summit there is a rubble wall built of large stones of black basalt, enclosing the ruins of a small town. We continued over the level desert to the north-east, easy going after the rough hilly country of the past ten days, with not even a wādī to break the barren gray. Four miles farther brought us to id-Dabbāghīn, a



Ill. 31. Id-Dabbāghīn: Architectural Details.

ruined town built of rubble and sun-dried bricks, to the east of two small hills. The ancient towns of this district were built chiefly of unbaked brick, and have disintegrated into mere mounds of earth from which jambs and lintels of basalt protrude here and there. There were two undated Greek inscriptions here; but except for these there were no objects of interest, and we hurried on to reach the camp at Ḳaṣr Ibn Wardān before darkness came.

The ruins here were even more interesting than we had expected, and somewhat mysterious. They consisted of the remains of a very large palace built around

a central court, a square domed church, and a large military camp or barracks. We found no certain traces of any other buildings, ancient or modern, either here or within a radius of several miles. The church and the central part of the south side of the palace, containing the entrance and the larger, more public, apartments, are comparatively well preserved. The plans of these buildings, their style, and to a large extent the materials employed are similar to those of the imperial buildings of Constantinople in the age of Justinian I. The walls are built of broad bands of orange-

colored brick, alternating with bands of black basalt: the trim of many of the windows and door-frames in the interior is of a fine-grained white limestone. In the interior of the church were columns of marble in various colors, and capitals of a pure white crystalline marble. This combination of materials is even now very effective, and seemed especially so in the bright moonlight, which played strange tricks with the colors. The great mass of the walls still standing and their brilliant, almost bizarre, appearance recalled tales of eastern magic, and made us wonder what situation in the Byzantine Empire or in the family of its rulers had caused the erection of these isolated, regal buildings on the edge of the Syrian desert.

The next morning, the nineteenth, was Sunday. A heavy thunderstorm gave promise that spring was approaching, though of green sprouting things there was no sign. While encamped here we made careful measurements of the three buildings, and took many photographs. The palace turned out to have been originally much larger than



Ill. 32. Qasr Ibn Wardân: Palace and Church from the Southwest.

it appeared at first. It still preserves two storeys of the main part, with fine large vaulted apartments. The central dome of this part, however, has fallen. On the lintel of the main entrance, a gigantic block of basalt almost four metres long, is a Greek inscription which reads: "In the month of November, indiction 13, of the year 876. All to the glory of God". The date is 564 of our era. The lintel and jambs are covered with intricate designs carried in low relief.

The church must have been very beautiful in its day, with its very lofty dome, of which only a small fragment remains in place, its tall half-domed apse, its interior arches, and its gallery supported on slender columns. From the little tesserae lying in the débris it is possible to conjecture that the whole interior blazed with mosaics of that most wonderful period for this particular kind of art. An old native whom we

met later, and who seemed to know the whole region well, said that when he was a lad the *ḳubbeh*, i. e. the dome, was standing, and that there were "pictures" on the walls. It is scarcely probable that this old Bedawi had manufactured this story, because he could have had no outside experience on which to base imaginary wall-pictures. The barracks, for some unknown reason, are the least well preserved of the three buildings. Little remains here besides the lower courses of the walls, a tall fragment of a vaulted building within the enclosure, and the entrance gateway which has another great lintel of basalt, larger even than the other, with an inscription of about the same date. Indeed all three buildings appear to have been erected within the space of a few years during the reign of Justinian I.

On the twenty-first the camp moved to *il-Anderîn*, a little east of north and ten miles across the desert. On the way we stopped for half an hour at *ir-Rabbû'ah*, a completely ruined site with only mounds to mark the buildings. Here and there a cut stone of basalt protruded from the ground, but the desert winds and sand had done their work well. At first *il-Anderîn* itself was thought an unsuitable place for the camp, and we moved on to *il-Hômeh*, fifty minutes to the west, where there was a well. This had been a town; but, lying in the flat country, there had been no protection, and the buildings were levelled and covered up even more completely than at *ir-Rabbû'ah*. The distance from *il-Anderîn* to the camp, however, proved to be too great to traverse two or four times a day, so the horses were left at the well and we camped once more within a deserted city.

Ancient Androna was a large city of broad avenues, laid out in rectangles, and surrounded by a stout wall. There were a number of churches, one perhaps the cathedral of the bishop, great barracks, and a large public bath. The smaller churches and the private houses were built only in part of stone, sun-dried brick filling the wall-spaces where protection only and not structural strength was needed. These walls had disappeared; but in many cases the door- and window-frames were standing, and the arches were lying just as they had fallen. The most interesting building, in many ways, is the barracks — we called it barracks rather than a fortress, because of its situation in the middle of a large city. The structure is about 250 feet square, having hexagonal towers at its angles, and square towers in the middle of two of the sides. Within were large vaulted rooms and a sort of cloister, surrounding an open court, in the middle of which stands a ruined chapel. The lintel of the great entrance-gate is a monolith of basalt, four metres long. It bears a beautiful design of grape-vine, in low relief, and an inscription which reads, in translation, as follows: "This is the gate of the Lord: the righteous shall enter in it. It is custom for others to court the masses by largess of their wealth; but thou, oh best and wonderful Thomas, dost shine to both thy city and thy fatherland through thine acts of prudence. Thou appearedst a savior, God the Savior being minded to assist thy plans. We began with God the foundations of the barracks by the munificence of Thomas and the efforts of Jacobos his nephew, in the month of May, on the 20th day, indiction 6, of the 869th year (May, 558 A.D.). And the lintel was put in place with God in the month of November, on the 1st day, indiction 8, of the 871st year (November, 559 A.D.)." With these letters of the inscription is a symbolic disc having the letters of the name Thomas arranged about a Greek cross. This very large building is of basalt and brick, like the structures at *Ḳaṣr Ibn Wardân*, and with them constitutes a group of edifices which are unique in

all central Syria, with respect to both materials and construction. All were erected within about six years. The munificent Thomas erected also a public bath here in Androna, which he presented to the city as his own memorial. He must have been a man of large means, a philanthropic soul, and a power in his day. Thomas' bath, which he gave to his town, is deeply buried, and it was with difficulty that any of its remains were recovered from the soil and débris which cover it. But an inscription belonging to the building was found, which reads: "This bath I, Thomas, (acting) again for the sake of all, have given to all property-holders, presenting this remembrance. What is the name of the bath? Health. Through this entering, Christ hath opened for us the bath of healing".

The city-walls, which enclosed a very large space, were built of large rectangular blocks, laid without mortar, and were strengthened by buttresses and frequent towers. A large part of the ruins, however, lie outside of the city-walls, including a great reservoir, with handsome walls of squared masonry, and a large church standing in the midst of a walled quadrangle. All along the inside of the walls of this quadrangle are arched recesses for burial, and close beside the church is a very pretentious tomb. All of which makes the place seem like an early example of a campo santo, with burial places for the fortunate dead in close proximity to the tomb of some saint or other very holy person.

We finished our measurements and copying at il-Anderîn early in the afternoon of the second day, and hurried westward, following our camp-train which had already started. Beyond il-Hômeh we encountered a gradual ascent covered with basalt, until we reached the ruin of a late Roman fortress, five miles from il-Hômeh, called Şabl 'Antar. Within sight towards the south is Kūbbit 'Ableh, a ruined town of limestone with a tower partly standing. There, according to tradition, dwelt 'Ableh, the wife of the hero 'Antar who had protected his domain by this castle to the north. Şabl 'Antar lies on the western side of the ridge which we had just climbed. The country flattens out towards the west for about five miles in an elevated plain. At the western side of this there is a sugar-loaf hill, Tell il-Halāweh, at the foot of which the camp had been pitched.



Ill. 33. Şabl 'Antar: Doorway.

In the morning we moved on to the northwest, going up a volcanic slope to the summit, Resm Tell il-Halāweh, from which was visible the country towards the north, east, and south. There is a fallen column of basalt here, but no trace of buildings. The column was perhaps a solitary shaft set up as a boundary or a landmark. The way was hilly for several miles, when we descended, still going northwest, into a valley and passed through a village of some thirty kūbab, built on an ancient site, called Umm 'Ilêkah. We ascended a slope again, into a country of low and rugged hills, and after three miles passed ir-Ramleh, a village enclosed by high mud-brick walls, with a well in the center.

A mile beyond lay Serâ^c, an ancient site in a broad valley occupied now by about forty *ḳubab*. The country to the east is cultivated to some extent, for about a mile down the valley lies Seraiyî^c, another village of the same sort. We climbed the slope, or ridge as it turned out to be, for within two miles we could look out over a broad plain lying at our feet and stretching to the west and north.

We passed through several *ḳubbeh* villages, visited Sindjâr and it-Ṭhêdjeh, and by half past three we could see the ruins of Kerrâtîn, or Tārūtîn it-Tudjdjâr, strung out in a long uneven black line along the crest of a low ridge. There, at one end of the great ruined "City of the Merchants", we espied a small group of white tents, which we knew could not be the abodes of Arabs, and we hazarded the guess that it was the camp of Miss Gertrude Bell, the English explorer and archaeologist, whom we had seen a month before in Damascus. Our supposition soon proved to be true, for presently her servants came running out to greet ours. We ordered the camp pitched at the opposite end of the ruins, and in a short time, having exchanged messages with true oriental formality, Miss Bell was taking tea with us quite as if we were all in England. We spent six days in Kerrâtîn, ancient Tarutia, measuring buildings, copying inscriptions, and making short trips of exploration among the smaller ruined towns in the vicinity. The ruins of Kerrâtîn boast one of the largest churches in Syria, which was converted into a castle by the Arabs. There are also a small tower and many houses, nine of which are dated.

Among the places visited from Kerrâtîn was Mir'âyeh, about a mile to the east. This was a small modern village built among the ruins of an ancient town apparently of no great size or importance. Some columns supporting an architrave, all of black basalt, are still standing: remains of two churches also were found here. At Umm Wilât the ruins are extensive, but the ancient buildings were completely destroyed or rebuilt by settlers in mediaeval and recent times. From there we turned southeast to 'Ôdjeh, which we reached in forty minutes. This is a modern village of a few families among the ruins of what was once a large town. There are many signs of Moham-medan occupation here. Two of the ancient houses are well preserved: one of them, which was converted into a mosque at an early date, still has its roof-slabs in place. To the south of Kerrâtîn we visited Abū Ḥanîyeh and I'djâz, the latter a town of considerable size now almost completely ruined. One small tower is still standing. Among the ruins of a large church seventy-five inscribed *voussoirs*, belonging to the arches of the apse and nave, were found in piles upon the ground, and from them the inscriptions of eight of these arches were restored. The inscription of the chancel-arch mentions the Emperor Theodosius I and his son Arcadius, and is dated between the years 383 and 395 after Christ. Other inscriptions also were found at I'djâz, some of them unusually long.

The last day of March had come, and we were obliged to leave this country of black basalt to explore further the limestone hills which lie to the west and north. We passed through Sha'arrâ, Ḳaṭrah, and Ḥerâkeh, all inhabited ruined sites. At Ḥerâkeh ten Greek inscriptions were found. Later we reached Ma'râtâ, an extensive ruin where both basalt and limestone were used for building-material. Close by were other ruined towns of smaller size. We determined to return to this district later on, but now pressed forward to Ma'arrit in-Nu'mân, lying at the western foot of the Djebel Riḥā, whither our camp had gone.

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CHAPTER IX

DJEBEL RÎḤĀ

Ma'arrit in-Nu'mân is a town of considerable size and picturesqueness. It is situated on the Darb is-Sultân, the great highway between Aleppo and Damascus, which is the main route for pilgrims travelling by land from the north to Mecca. There are two or three ancient khâns here, remains of what was probably a castle, and little bazaars embowered with grape-vines which hang on trellises over the streets. It is a restful spot for wayfarers from the shadeless desert. There are no ancient buildings intact; but practically every one of the mediaeval and modern structures is made of ancient fragments. This building-material may have been brought in from the neighboring ruins, for it is not improbable that the present town dates only from mediaeval times, and that the ancient Arra, supposed to have been in this vicinity, was in reality Ma'râtā, the ruin through which we had recently passed about three miles to the east. It may be that here, as elsewhere along its course, the main north-and-south highway has been moved to the west, nearer to the hills and a more abundant and constant supply of water.

We pushed on to Serdjillā the next day, very anxious to see once more the mosaic floor of the bath, which had been discovered in 1900 and covered again with earth when the expedition left. On the way we halted for a short time at Kefr Rûmā, and found that the drums of the monumental column, which were still standing when visited by the former expedition, had fallen from the pedestal. We continued our way to the northwest, over a very rough road which wound up a dry narrow valley enclosed by gray and barren limestone hills. We reached Serdjillā at noon, and hurried to the ancient bath, but found that the mosaic pavement had been uncovered and much of it destroyed. The inscription was gone completely; but we set to work to take up the parts which were still intact, in order to send them to the Imperial Museum at Constantinople as we had agreed to do. A survey of the town was made, and the ruins were studied more carefully than had been possible on the earlier visit. The country round about was also explored. The ruins at il-Bārah, visited before by M. de Vogüé and by the American Expedition, are the finest in the Djebel Rîḥā: this time three new Greek inscriptions were found at this site.

It was a joy to be once more in the limestone hills, where every scene has a distinct beauty. For weeks we had been travelling in the comparatively flat and barren region of the 'Alā, and the great ruin-strewn district of Kerrātīn, where the chief building-material, being hard black basalt, was unsuitable for ornate carving. Besides, the walls were mostly of small stones or of sun-dried brick which had disintegrated, and in many cases only a mound was left to show the site of a building. There was



Ill. 34. Serdjillā: Western Part.



Ill. 35. Serdjillā: Northwestern Part, showing Bath at Center.

little there, either in the country or its ruins, to appeal directly to the eye. Now we had come into a region where the ancient buildings were of well-dressed limestone in large blocks, and in most cases extraordinarily well preserved. It was a country of gable-roofed houses, as may be seen from Illustrations 35, 36 and 37. Even where a building itself had fallen, its arches, columns and architraves made a brave show. Rich carving with every variety of ornament was to be seen everywhere. The relief of stark hills and sudden valleys, with here and there the venturesome green which fringed a pool, was bold in the bright sunlight and brilliant dry air.

The Mudîr of Riḥā was most assiduous in his attentions. He called upon us every day in our camp at Serdjillā, and was most affable. It seemed that he should have had a wider horizon, for he was a most intelligent man, and his manners, European to some extent, seemed to show that his aspirations led to the outside world. His clothes were of the West, and the pair of gold reading-glasses which he donned with a flourish was an odd touch to which we could not accustom ourselves. But he came the fourth day as the bearer of ill news. For some reason the Wālî of Aleppo had issued orders to stop work on the mosaic, and perforce we stopped. On the next day a sergeant of gendarmes from Idlib, which boasts a *ḵāimmaḵâm*, arrived with two soldiers. He had orders from the Wālî of Aleppo to stop all work on the mosaic, but with no more explanation than had come from the Mudîr. Coffee and cigarettes helped to dissolve his haughty official manner, and he became a little friendly; but the following day he returned, partly destroyed the mosaic, and covered it with stones and earth. This was worse, and we were entirely at a loss to imagine the reasons for the interference by the authorities with work which we understood had been agreed upon. Our telegrams to Stamboul met with no response. It was not until months afterward that we learned of a theft of antiquities in Babylonia, and the consequent stopping for several weeks of all archaeological work throughout the Empire. We owed it to the Director of the Museum at Constantinople that we had not been prevented from all further exploration and ordered to the nearest port.

Dellôzā was visited again, and Kôkabā for the first time; for the latter had not been reached by either M. de Vogüé or the American Expedition: also Dêr Sambil, whose extensive and beautiful ruins are described in A. A. E. S., Part II. On the eleventh of April the camp moved back through Ma'arrit in-Nu'mân to establish itself at Ma'râtā, and from there we explored the country observed earlier on our march from Kerrâtîn. Ma'râtā is one of the ruins on the line between the basalt and limestone formations, and its buildings are composed of both materials, sometimes used in combination and with interesting effect. The place is now deserted. Its ruins, though not as extensive as those of Kerrâtîn, show that the town was one of the more important ones in this region. Here, as in a few of the ruins on the western edge of the basalt country, we found pyramid tombs, like those characteristic of the Djebel Riḥā. Several of these combined the white and black in an interesting manner. While we were encamped here, Prentice rode back to Kerrâtîn to dress the burns of a woman who had fainted and had fallen into a fire, and whom he had treated before while we were camping there. At that time her husband had asked us to visit his wounded son and then, when the deception was exposed, had apologized, saying that he feared lest the sickness of a woman would not be sufficient reason for us to trouble ourselves, but hoped that, once there, pity might stir our hearts.



Ill. 36. Dellôzā: "House No. II", from the South.



Ill. 37. Dêr Sambil: General View of Northern Part.

Many of the ruined sites near Ma'rātā are little more than heaps of stones, with nothing left to show the arrangement of the ancient buildings. There are, however, some exceptions, including Fa'lūl and Kursenteh which are described in Div. II, B, pp. 95—100 and 103. From Kursenteh we saw for the first time the Djebel Shêkh Berekât, which from then onward was to be our constant landmark. Far to the south Djebel Zain il-Ābidîn, which is near Ḥamā, was visible. There seemed to be several ruined settlements to the south and southeast; but there was too much haze for us to make them out distinctly. We rode a mile farther south to il-Burdj and, on our return, passed through Şurrūmān, a modern village of about three hundred inhabitants, on the site of an ancient town of which only traces could be seen.

One morning, while the camp started northward for Binnish, we rode first to the southeast and visited Tellûn, a mile away from Ma'rātā. There was little of interest there, and we turned north through il-Ghadfeh, Ma'şarân, Djub'âs, and 'Aibân, which contains the tomb of Shêkh il-Baṭâihî of holy memory. Three miles farther lay Ma'arrit id-Dibseh, a cleanly village of white sun-dried brick, with olive groves. We were descending gradually to a stretch of country which, watered from the hills to the north, became more and more fertile. The region of basalt lay behind us, and from here onward the hills were of limestone. A mile farther lay another Djub'âs (or Djubkâs), a village similar to Ma'arrit id-Dibseh, on the carriage-road from Ḥamā to Aleppo. We crossed the road, still going north, having come to a country given up to grazing, and reached a dry wādî by the side of which lay an old man sleeping near his flock. He did not look up until we were close upon him. When we asked the name of the wādî and the way to Binnish he answered: "Yes, by God". It is hard to get any reply from these people without implicating the Deity. This man, however, was deaf, and we left him with his dumb creatures, still mumbling "Māshallāh" in his astonishment.

The tall minaret at Sermin had been hidden for some time by a rise of ground, and other landmarks were lacking; but pushing on we sighted the slender white shaft again, and soon were riding through fields of wheat and lentils, in welcome contrast to the dry and barren country of the past days. The green things were about half grown by this time. We reached the outskirts of the town of Sermin while there was yet light enough to see. The houses are built of whitewashed mud-brick, and the town contains about two thousand people. There are fine fields and orchards surrounding it. The telegraph line from Aleppo to Damascus passes by without touching it. We went around the town, and pushing on reached Binnish at half past six.

The land in this narrow strip, between the rolling plains on the east and the hill country on the west, is very fertile. The rich, dark red soil grows wheat and lentils, watermelons, a gourd called ḡar'ah, cotton, almonds, figs and grapes. We left Binnish at seven the next morning, travelling on a good road to the north, through il-Fū'ah, Rām Ḥamdân, Ibbîn, and Tell Nauwâs, all thriving modern villages. The last named community occupies a small hill on which are some ancient remains. Finally, at half past eleven, we reached Kefr Kermîn at the foot of the mountains, near the point where the ancient Roman road descends from the hills and enters the plain.

CHAPTER X

THE LIMESTONE MOUNTAINS

Kefr Kermîn was for this expedition the entrance to the group of limestone mountains which includes the Djebel il-A'îlâ, Djebel Bārîshâ, Djebel il-Ḥalaḡah and Djebel Sim'ân. The surface of these mountains is now almost entirely bare of soil. The rock and the walls of the ancient buildings alike have weathered to a soft gray color, and in general present, from a distance, a somewhat monotonous appearance. In some places, however, as in the Djebel Rîḡâ, the ancient walls have an orange tone. The hills are divided by many sharp ridges and sudden valleys. From Kefr Kermîn we turned first towards the northeast, crossing the Roman road, and began to climb the foothills over a rough and rocky path. Tawâmî, a modern village, lay at the top of the first ridge. We crossed a narrow valley over the hard limestone to Dera'mân, not visited by the former expedition, a well built ruined town with many of the walls standing, beautifully situated on the top of the second ridge. We continued a little farther, then returning to Dera'mân traveled westward along a valley. The ridge which we were traversing belonged to the southern part of the Djebel il-Ḥalaḡah, which encloses the fertile plain of Sermedâ. In twenty-five minutes we reached the Roman road again and turned northwest on it, crossing a low rise which was the southern barrier of the plain. We left the road, which straightened out across the plain, and followed the ridge to the west. Tell 'Aḡibrîn was the first town encountered, half an hour from the Roman road. It is an inhabited village built among the ruins of what was evidently an important town. Some of the ancient buildings are unusually well preserved, in spite of the modern occupation of the site. One of these, of which a part is still standing to the height of four storeys, is so large that it suggests a deserted factory.

Two of the party arrived later than the rest and found an excited crowd of natives filling the streets, but no sign of the American expedition. People of the village, both men and women, were shouting and gesticulating, and among them were others, evidently of another race. These latter were tall, bare-legged men, wearing short white skirts and brilliantly embroidered caps: wild locks of long hair stuck out from underneath their caps, and in their hands they carried knobbed clubs. The newcomers rode into the crowd, expecting to find that their companions had been attacked and perhaps killed. They found instead that the natives were fighting among themselves about a Turkoman or a Kurdish girl, whom her people believed to have been stolen. Riding out by a back way they found that the caravan had moved on, the party uninjured, but prevented by the commotion from studying the ruins adequately at the moment.

The road led down into the plain through fields of grain, and just before five

AND
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Division I.

o'clock we passed through the town of Sermedā, with its two lofty Corinthian columns, in the bowl of the Djebel il-Ḥalaḡah. Two miles beyond we began to ascend through a narrow valley the Djebel Bārīshā, the northwestern boundary of the plain, set like a heavy bezel in the western side of the "Ring Mountain". A mile beyond, on the plateau of the Djebel Bārīshā, we passed a ruin of considerable size, Bābiskā, and two miles more brought us to the camping-place at Dār Ḳītā, on the eastern side of the northern foothills of the Djebel Bārīshā.

From now on, for several weeks to come, we were to be in a deserted country, but one totally different from that which we had found on the rolling plains to the east, or in the lava-strewn wastes of Southern Syria. Here was a rough mountainous region of bare limestone rising to tall peaks and falling, through rolling foothills, to level plains toward the west, gashed with deep ravines, and patched here and there with small pockets of soil that could not be washed away. The general effect, as one gazed across the hills, was one of unending grayness; yet everywhere there were signs of former fertility. From a point about half way up the Ḳubbit Bābutṭā, one could count at least fifteen ruined and deserted towns lying to the north. Each of these towns had ancient wine and olive presses in large numbers. The country was thickly populated, fourteen centuries ago, by a people who lived in comparative luxury. They did not glean a scanty subsistence from the rocks, but owned fields and planted vineyards and orchards. Of course this means that there was soil covering these bare hillsides in those days. It is evident also that there were forests somewhere near by, for wood was used freely in the construction of the buildings. Now the region is a gray desert, and the only green things to be seen for miles are stunted trees, bushes and weeds that grow among the ruins where the walls of buildings served to prevent the washing away of the soil. There is no sign that the country was ever irrigated; but there is evidence that there was once running water in some of the dry stream-beds. Well-houses and spring-houses are found where there is now no water. On the other hand, there are many ancient cisterns, and some of these are very large.



Ill. 38. Sermedā: Monument.



Ill. 39. Dār Ẕitā: View in the Midst of the Ruins.



Ill. 40. A View in the Djebel Bārishā.

Despite the arid grayness of the hillsides, the views in this neighborhood were most attractive, particularly from the higher points such as the ẖubbit Bābuṭṭā. Far down towards the west and north lies the lowland called il-ʿAmḵ, like a deep bowl amid the mountains, at this season a vivid green, and enclosing the glistening Baḥr il-Abyaḍ or "Lake of Antioch". Beyond are the Taurus mountains, with snow on the loftier peaks. In the northeast is the huge mountain called the Djebel Shêkh Berekât, dominating all the vicinity. On its summit is a cap of red soil, at this season verdant, which is evidently growing smaller year by year. While camping near a ruin at its foot one very rainy day, we were astonished to see rivulets thick with red soil rushing down the mountain side towards the marshes of il-ʿAmḵ. This is an example of what has been happening in the rainy season for centuries all over the now barren hills of Northern Syria. Doubtless the Djebel Shêkh Berekât was once well covered with soil and probably with forest. It is also significant that the level tops of several ridges among these hills still have soil upon them and a good many olive-trees.

The region about Dâr ẖitā had been found exceptionally interesting in 1899—1900. At that time it was practically unknown. But it was not possible for the expedition of that year, either in the autumn or the spring, to investigate the region as completely as was desired. We were now prepared to complete the exploration of the whole neighborhood, and from our headquarters at Dâr ẖitā to make a thorough study of certain particular sites. The day after our arrival, the sixteenth of April, was Palm Sunday, and we stayed in camp. It was rainy, and the mud was deep and sticky. In 1900 the town was without inhabitants; but in 1905 there were a dozen tents of Turkomans there. The place is near the dividing line between Arabic-speaking and Turkish-speaking communities. The Turkomans impress one at first sight as physically superior, cleaner and better dressed than the Arabic natives. We saw three Turkoman children playing house inside the walls of an ancient building: they had a tiny tent, with bedding piled in the center of it, pitchers and household utensils, and a rag doll.

The rain continued next day; but between showers we were able to begin our work among the ruins. A complete plan was made of the ruins at Dâr ẖitā, and a less detailed one at the neighboring Bābiskā. Four days were spent at these places, and during this time the surrounding country was explored.

Dâr ẖitā had three churches. One was built in fulfillment of a "vow to Paul and Moses": it is dated 418 A.D. Another, dedicated to St. Sergius, is dated 537 A.D. The third bears an undated inscription in Syriac, showing that it was dedicated to the Holy Trinity. Two of these churches have baptisteries. That of the Church of Paul and Moses is separated from the main structure: its form is almost square, and at one end is a small apse containing a font sunk to a depth of about four feet below the pavement. The baptistery of St. Sergius is similar in form, but is attached to the church at its southeast corner. It is interesting to find three churches, all of fair size, in one town, and all three apparently parish churches, for none of them was connected, as far as we could see, with a monastery. Dâr ẖitā has also a fine tower and a large number of private residences, with many inscriptions of more than usual interest, dating from the middle of the fourth to the end of the sixth century.

Bābiskā had extensive shops, a large public bath, and two churches, one of them containing several inscriptions dated from 390 to 407 A.D. The other church, dedicated to St. Sergius, has on its portal the latest dated inscription in all this region,

namely 610 A. D., about the time of the Persian invasion of Syria under Chosroes II.

To the southwest, on the side of a wādī, is Burdj id-Dērûnī, which consists of a single building, a ruined chapel. About a mile southeast is Bākīrḥā, a ruined and deserted town of some size, containing two handsome churches. On a hill above it is the well-preserved ruin of a small pagan temple.

The camp moved northward over the rocky hills, through Khirbit Tēzīn, two miles away, and half a mile beyond that to Ḳaṣr Iblīsū (Devil's Castle), a small chapel and a ruined town lying in the northern foothills of the Djebel Bārīshā. We turned toward the east from there, keeping in the hills until we came to a small valley through which ran the Roman road. Reaching the road at 'Ain Dilfeh, we turned up the road to the right. A mile farther we passed the well-preserved buildings of an ancient monastery, now called Ḳaṣr il-Benât. It gave one a feeling of the insignificance of time. We had been traveling on the Roman road, well preserved and smooth, cutting through the hills to make an easy grade, then suddenly came upon this ruin standing almost intact above us, a church, a tower of seven storeys, and residential buildings with their colonnades and windows, appearing from a little distance as if undamaged by the ages. The name "The Maidens' Castle" was frequently given by the early Arabs to convents, and in the present instance indicates that this was probably a retreat for women.

We stopped long enough to make complete measurements of this very interesting group. The Roman road in places was cut through solid rock. At such a place, about half a mile east of Ḳaṣr il-Benât, on the north side of the road, two inscriptions were found by the earlier expedition (A. A. E. S. III, Nos. 74 and 75). One of these mentions the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The other, dated in 588-9 A. D., states that under the Chancellor of Kaprobarade (Kefr Barād?), probably the modern Brâd, the boundary of the lands of the Bizikoi was fixed here.

Half a mile beyond we turned up a narrow wādī to the east, and a mile farther, on the plateau of the Djebel il-Ḥalaḳah, reached Serdjibleh visited in 1900. We did not stop, but followed a wādī descending to the northwest for a mile. Here we began to climb the rocky slope, and found a small uninteresting ruin called Kfellūdīn, containing three or four Turkoman families. Close by, in a pocket of the hills, is Kfellūsīn, an ancient and deserted site covering a wide area, with a tower and a church still standing, and several private houses of unusual interest. A wādī to the southeast, along which we traveled, in a short time debouched into a deeper ravine in which lies the road from the northwest to Dānā. We crossed the road and, ascending a low rocky hill on the southern side, once more looked out over the Plain of Sermedā. We crossed the end of the plain a short distance from Ḥizreh, then turning north surmounted the first low ridge of the northern boundary, and two miles from Ḥizreh reached Tell 'Adeh. This had been, in antiquity, a small town; but few remains of it are now visible, for the modern village has taken the cut stone for its own construction. Fortunately, the church was used as a dwelling in early times, and the rooms added to it then have protected and concealed it from later destruction. The plan is interesting, and unusual in Northern Syria.

Half a mile to the northeast is Dêr Tell 'Adeh, on a hill a hundred and fifty feet higher than Tell 'Adeh, and here our camp had established itself. Here are the remains of a convent of unusual design, including a tower and a handsome rock-hewn

tomb. In this group of buildings two Syriac inscriptions were found, one of which gives the dates 601 and 907 A. D., and the other the date 941 A. D. (Div. IV, Syriac Nos. 16 and 17). To the north there is a succession of hills rising higher and higher to the dominating peak of the Djebel Shêkh Berekât, about two miles away.

In the morning we moved northward along the western slope of Djebel Shêkh Berekât, crossing numerous wâdīs, and after five miles reached the flat cultivated table-land on which Zerzîtā is situated. This must have been an important city in antiquity, but now it is given over to a few tents of Turkomans. The church and tower, the latter dated in 500 A. D., are interesting. There are also ruins of several houses, two of them dated in 538 and 539 A. D. respectively, which are sufficiently well preserved to give an idea of one type of the ancient residences in this part of Syria.

Our road from here led to the northeast, down a steep valley with precipitous



Ill. 41. Qal'at Sim'an: View from the Northeast.

sides for three miles until we reached a broad valley with Qātūrā lying at its entrance. In the last stretch of the small ravine, where the sides are nearly vertical, there are a good many sepulchral reliefs, cut in the living rock, which is a soft limestone. Some of them are well preserved and seem to be early, for Qātūrā was Christian by 336 and these sculptures, consisting of one or more figures set in a niche, show no traces of Christian treatment. Qātūrā itself shows two periods of construction. The houses are small and plain; but there are remains of at least one good sized building in the classic style. Two houses, better preserved and built of square blocks, are evidently later.

The camp had gone on to Qal'at Sim'an two miles beyond, on a spur at the end of the long valley, and was pitched not twenty rods from the entrance to the great

church. This is in some respects the most splendid of all the ruins of Christian antiquity, and was once the goal of many pilgrims; for here it was that St. Simeon Stylites lived for years upon his column the life of a "pillar-hermit". Simeon was born about 390 A. D., the son of a peasant, and at an early age began to subject himself to the most severe penances and privations. In 422 he began his life upon a column of moderate size. At least once his column was replaced by one of greater height. One of these columns is said to have been 40 cubits high: the capital which remains has a diagonal measurement of about six feet. Simeon died in 459 A. D., and even before his death this had become a place of pilgrimage. During the fifth century many large churches and monastic buildings of various sorts were erected both at the site of the column and in the town of Dêr Sim'ân below. About the column an open octagon



III. 42. ʔalʔat Simʕān: the Church from the North, with Djebel Shêkh Berekât in the Distance.

of great arches was constructed, uniting four great basilicas in an enormous cruciform church. The entire structure is of limestone, richly carved, with interior columns of imported marble and gorgeous designs. Adjoining the church on the southeast are extensive buildings, doubtless for the clergy. The whole group is strikingly beautiful and impressive, even in its ruined state, and it is a great pity that something is not being done to prevent the further decay and fall of those parts which are still standing.

At the foot of the spur, on which ʔalʔat Simʕān stands, lies Dêr Simʕān, an extensive deserted ruin, which was important in antiquity on account of the religious center above. Here there were inns for pilgrims, long streets of bazaars, and no less than three extensive monasteries. The expedition was occupied here for several days.

A survey was made of Dêr Sim'ân, measurements were taken of the important buildings in Ẕāṭūrā, and the country near by was explored as thoroughly as its extreme roughness would allow.

An echo of the excitement at Tell 'Aḳibrîn reached us here. The girl, who was supposed to have been stolen, was now at Ẕal'at Sim'ân. She had been restored to her family. But how the abduction had taken place, and whether she had voluntarily run off with an Arab lover, even the inquisitiveness of our camp-servants failed to discover.

A fair and peaceful Easter Day, the twenty-third of April, was spent under the shadow of St. Simeon's great church. Ever since we had left the region of Kerrātîn we had been traveling in country which had been visited by the Expedition of 1899-1900. Only a few sites, such as Kfellūsîn, Zerzîtā and Fidreh were wholly unknown to us. At Ẕal'at Sim'ân, Dêr Sim'ân, Ẕāṭūrā and Refādeh there was still much to be done. Soon, however, we were to enter a region which was not only beyond the northern limit of exploration by the former expedition in these mountains, but also beyond the farthest point reached by M. de Vogüé on his visit in 1861. To the east and north-east lay a great unexplored field, thickly strewn with ruins, which had been sighted by Garrett in 1899. This field was to occupy most of our labors for the remainder of the season.

A day was spent on Djebel Shêkh Berekât (see the background of Ill. 42). It was an excellent point from which to take sights, towering up to a single peak and dominating the country as far as one could see. Below, surrounding the base, were the rough limestone hills, and to the west lay the green fields of il-'Amḳ, the lake and the cultivated country around Antioch, with the wall of the Taurus mountains beyond. Northwest were the snow-capped mountains, separating Syria from Asia Minor. To the east were other limestone ridges, with the white walls of the castle at Aleppo thirty miles away. Southeast, beyond the southern part of the Djebel il-Ḥalaḳah, lay the rolling basalt hills with patches of cultivated fields through which we had come. Some thirty or forty ancient and apparently deserted sites were visible from the top of this mountain.

On the summit of the Djebel Shêkh Berekât are the remains of a precinct sacred to ancient gods, called in the inscriptions of the place Zeus Madbachos and Selamanes. *Madbaḥ* is a Syriac word meaning *altar*. The enclosure is a square, built of handsome quadrated blocks of limestone. The walls are approximately 68 meters long, and two cubits, or 82.50 cm., thick. The line of the east wall of the temenos points to approximately 7 degrees from the magnetic north. The walls were built by various persons or families, whose names, together with the dimensions of the parts built by them and the cost, are recorded in inscriptions carved on the walls themselves. These inscriptions are dated from 61 to 120 A. D. (A. A. E. S. III, Nos. 100-108*a*). Evidently this was a "high place" of the pre-Christian period. On other high points, each distant about nine miles from the Djebel Shêkh Berekât, lie the remains of three other pagan shrines. To the southwest is the Ẕubbit Bābuṭṭā, near which is the temple now called Burdj Bāḳirḥā, dedicated, as the inscription on the gateway of its temenos shows, to Zeus Bomos: *bomos* is the Greek word for *altar*. Almost due south is the pagan temple at Srîr. To the northeast is a third temple set on a lonely hill, called Ẕal'at Kālôtā. These are the only certain remains of pagan shrines found by us in these

limestone mountains, though evidence of some others is furnished by the inscriptions or parts of temples incorporated in later buildings.

At or near *Ḳāṭūrā* there are tombs of the pre-Christian period, as well as the pre-Christian sculptures mentioned above. Two of the inscriptions on these tombs bear the dates 195 and 240 A. D., respectively. About a mile north of *Ḳāṭūrā*, near *Sitt ir-Rûm*, is a conspicuous monument consisting of two tall shafts supporting a classic entablature, standing above a rock-hewn tomb. The entablature bears the following inscription: "In the year 201, Hyperberetaios 5th (i. e. October, 152 A. D.) Eisdotos, son of Ptolemaios, made all for himself and for Markia, daughter of Kodratos, his wife; and he shall lie in his own sarcophagus, the third in the first arcosolium on the right as one enters". Ten minutes' ride northwest of *Sitt ir-Rûm* brought us to *Refâdeh*, a large deserted site, apparently a town of private dwellings only. The ruins here are most attractive, for the houses are very well preserved, and the colonnades and porticoes still standing give a very good idea of what these houses of North Syria must have been in the prosperous times of the fifth and sixth centuries. To the east, on the other side of the valley, lies *Taḳleh*, a ruin of no particular interest. The next day Butler and Littmann spent at *Fidreh*, three miles to the west of *Refâdeh*. This place was very difficult to reach, for it lies on the last plateau of the *Djebel Sim'ân*, separated from the hills to the east by a deep valley with sides almost vertical.



Ill. 43. *Surḳanyā*: Front of a House.

This was new ground, and its ruins well repaid the hard journey to reach it. It is entirely deserted now, but was once a large town in the ordinary style of this region.

But other unknown places were calling us, and on April twenty-ninth we started in the morning towards the east, passing through several small and deserted ruined towns, *Bāzîher*, *Surḳanyā* where there is a charming little chapel, *Bānaṣṭûr*, and *Kbēshîn*. Then, continuing northwest, we came to *Burdj Ḥêdar*. Here are extensive ruins, all uninhabited, three churches, one nearly complete, another with its side walls gone but with two aisles of monolithic columns and twelve arches in perfect condition. The smallest church, which is nearly complete, retains the flat stone roof of its sanctuary, still showing on its under side remains

of a painted ceiling in a trellis design with roses or some other red flowers hanging through the diamond-shaped apertures of the trellis.

Thence we continued northward, and at half past five came upon our camp just settled among the ruins of *Kefr Nabû*. This place is interesting for many reasons. There is an early pagan inscription here giving the names of local divinities. There is also a church, in the walls of which are fragments of a pagan temple, besides several large and well preserved houses, one of them three storeys high, together with many Greek inscriptions, and one in Syriac. While the camp remained here we made a journey of two miles to the north, crossing two *wâdis*, and discovered an extensive ruin called



Ill. 44. Bănaștîr: General View.



Ill. 45. Brăd: Ancient Walls.

Brâd. This is quite the largest of the ruined towns in all this mountain country of limestone, covering about a square mile. It was perhaps the ancient Barada. It contains a church of cathedral proportions, but now sadly ruined. This church seems to belong to the fourth century, and is one of the largest in all Northern Syria. The town is certainly one of the oldest in the limestone country, for there are walls here of the most ancient type found in this region. Unfortunately these walls cannot be dated. There is an imposing monument in the middle of the town, consisting of a low pyramid carried on four large arches. It probably contained one or more ornamental sarcophagi or statues. The structure is not dated, but its architectural details and the carved heads on the keystones of its arches would assign it to the second century. Not far away is a bath, which is unusually well preserved. It is partly buried, and its roof, which is still intact, has been covered with soil and vegetation. It has been used as a sheep-



Ill. 46. Brâd: Tower of the Convent.

fold, probably for a very long time. Like the monument with the arched canopy, the bath doubtless belongs to the second century of our era. There are remains of other buildings of more or less public character, some doubtless pre-Christian and some ecclesiastical. In addition to the "cathedral" there were at least two other churches, one of which is dated 561 A. D., and a convent with a chapel and a high tower. There are also ruins of many private residences, some of which are completely dilapidated. Many of them, however, were well designed, and in some the charming colonnades of two storeys are still standing. One cannot fail to be impressed with the dignity and elegance of many of these houses. They are much more imposing, in their structure of solid stone, with their lofty colonnades and richly ornamented doorways, than any other ancient private residences that we know of, more

beautiful than the houses of Pompeii, for example, with all their wall-paintings and mosaics. For the Pompeian houses are poorly constructed, and their charm is due chiefly to the decorations painted on the plaster of interior walls; whereas these Syrian houses are of well finished limestone, almost marble in its texture. Moreover, we must remember that once these ruined houses of wealthy Syrians also had their interior walls plastered and doubtless painted, and many of them had mosaic floors laid in various patterns or designs. There seems to have been a fairly high level of culture and refinement in Northern Syria. Even houses of a somewhat poorer class are well constructed, and have their little ornaments on the doorways. We found families of Kurds temporarily settled in tents within the ruins; for there was an old cistern here, which the recent rains had filled with water. These nomads were feeding their flocks in the patches of green enclosed by ancient walls, and sheltering them in the rock-hewn tombs near the ruins.

The camp remained at Kefr Nabū while we continued our exploration of the ruins in the neighborhood. One day we rode out a little north of east to Burdj il-Ḳās, situated three miles away on the top of a hill made prominent by a grove of trees growing in the ruins on its top, and here we found a few Turkomans settled for the season. Two Greek inscriptions and some good architectural details were all that we discovered, and we hurried on toward Ḳal'at Kālôtā, almost due south, to visit a place that had been visible for several days. Ḳal'at Kālôtā is an imposing ruin on the top of a high and well isolated hill. Here we discovered a church, constructed entirely of the walls and fragments of two pagan temples — the only instance of the kind that has yet been found in Northern Syria — and later transformed into an Arabic castle.



Ill. 47. Kālôtā: Distant View from the West.

The early temple, according to an inscription, had been erected "to ancestral gods". It was surrounded by a broad high wall, which was preserved during the Christian period, and then served as the outer defense of the castle. In the church the capitals and other details of the pagan buildings were more cleverly employed than such second-hand materials usually were in Roman basilicas. The church had stood alone, and was not part of a monastery. At the foot of the hill, just to the northeast, lies Kālôtā, a beautiful ruin with trees growing among its buildings. The view to the east is very extensive. The hills in this direction fall sharply to a rolling plain with signs of some cultivation at its edge, but stretching on, a barren looking waste, towards Aleppo. We could see no ruins beyond the limits of the hill country. Kālôtā offered us two

splendid churches. One, dated 492 A. D., preserves its eastern end with the half dome of the apse, its high west wall, and its south wall, quite intact; only the interior columns and arches, the north wall and the porches have fallen. Of the other church only the outer walls are preserved; but like the first, this also has beautiful carved details. The houses in this town are smaller than those in many places in the neighborhood; but they have much individuality and distinctive charm. The oak trees growing in the courtyards add much to their beauty.

From this place we made an excursion southeast to the edge of the cultivated strip mentioned above, and visited Zûk il-Kebîr, a village inhabited by Turkomans or Kurds who in the erection of their houses have wrought havoc with the remains of a large ancient town: the word *zûk*, meaning *town*, occurs several times in Syrian place-names. Thence we returned westward and a little to the north, and soon reached Kharâb Shems, a most charming ruin in a sequestered and desolate valley. This place has been visited a number of times by travelers making their way from Aleppo to the ruins of Ẓalât Sim'ân, and photographs taken here are to be found in books of travel and are even to be bought in Aleppo; but none of the buildings has ever been studied scientifically. The church is one of the best preserved of all the edifices of



Ill. 48. Kharâb Shems: The Church.

Northern Syria. Its lofty west façade and the ten tall arches of its nave are all standing. The side walls have collapsed, the half dome of the apse has partly fallen in and a large oak is growing in its place; but the chancel-rail and the steps of the bema are still visible. The church is very simple in its lines and construction, and is undoubtedly one of the earliest in Syria, though no inscription was found to give it a date. The oak tree in the apse and another near the west of the nave, inside, give unusual picturesqueness to the ruin. There is a well preserved little chapel on the hill above the ruined town, and some badly broken sculptures are to be seen in a tomb near by.

There are also several carved lintels of unusual interest among the ruined houses.

We had been able to examine with a telescope the level country below Brâd lying far to the north, to the point where the highroad between Alexandretta and Aleppo passes: we had seen from Ẓalât Kālôtâ the broad expanse to the east of the hills, and on the west the great plain and the marshes of il-Amḩ. In all these directions there appeared to be no ruins. If there were cities here in ancient times, they have been destroyed for building purposes or are buried. There remained, therefore, only the ruins to the south, still in the limestone hills, and we set out to explore these, sending the camp on to Kharâb il-Meshhed. In the beginning of our journey from Kefr Nabû, we passed through Burdj Hêdar once more, a mile and a half to the south, and swerving southwest visited Kefr Lâb, a small ruin with a good chapel, about two miles farther on. Passing thence along the crest of a ridge, in a northwesterly direction, we came to Bâşûfân. Here we discovered an extensive Mohammedan burial-place surrounding a

weli and a castle. The castle proved to be a converted church of unusual beauty, built in the years 491-5 A.D. and dedicated to St. Phocas, as the good Syriac inscription upon it shows. There was another church here, probably earlier in date and of almost the same size, but now almost completely destroyed. From here, looking over the plain to the northwest, we could see idj-Djûmeh. Turning to the southeast we soon reached Burdjkeh, with its tower standing just north of a path which follows the line of an ancient road from Aleppo to Ƙal'at Sim'ân, and possibly to Antioch. Following this path a little to the south of east, we came to Fāfirtîn, where we discovered the earliest dated church of basilical form known to us thus far in Syria, and one of the earliest in the world. Its date is 372 A.D. The apse with its half dome is still standing, and the chamber at each side of the apse is fairly complete: the rest of the building, doubtless thrown down by earthquakes, is lying in heaps; but the ground-plan and most of the details are preserved. Bâtûtā lay about five miles to the southwest, and was found to be a ruin of considerable extent with many handsome buildings. The church here has its apse, the south arcade of the nave and most of the clerestory on that side intact. The lower courses of the south wall and part of the west wall are still standing. There is also a small and simple chapel at this place, with a charming side-porch formed by two columns supporting the front of a pentroof of stone. The ruins of houses and shops are interesting: one group of buildings, doubtless used originally for both shops and residences, as in modern times, bears an inscription with a date which is probably 362-3 A.D. Late in the evening, after a very busy but very interesting day, we reached our camp at Kharâb il-Meshhed, where we found little of interest save a small chapel converted into a mosque in the Middle Ages.

Early the following morning we rode out to the southeast, to Kefr Antîn, an extensive site but much ruined, and then eastward to Simkhâr, a picturesque and important ancient town. There are remarkably fine mouldings here. The ruins include a church of very ancient form and style, certainly belonging to the early fourth century, with its half-domed apse and all the arches of one aisle standing, a baptistery or chapel, which has the most richly decorated façade that we had seen, and buildings large and small covering a wide area. We found the camp at Shêkh Slēmân, about two miles to the south of Simkhâr: the tents had been pitched in a grove of trees beneath a high tower among the ruins. This spot is an oasis in the midst of the barren limestone hills. The land lies at such an angle and at such an exposure that a large pocket of soil has been retained, and in this grow trees, shrubs and grass, an unusual sight in this deserted country. The houses of the town are sadly ruined, and the tower raises its lofty walls in splendid isolation above them. The undergrowth is thick, doubtless hiding many buildings and inscriptions. It was difficult to make out the plan of the large church in the heart of the town. But there are two other churches situated just beyond the town, a little to the southwest. St. Mary's Church is most beautiful in its ruins. The half-domed apse, with its side-chambers built up in storeys like two towers one on either hand, is perfectly preserved at one end, and the high wall of the façade with a colonnaded narthex stands at the other. Only the nave is in ruins. The narthex had a flat roof with a carved parapet that is still in place. The other church is not so beautiful, but is interesting, not only for its inscription dated 602 A.D., which shows this to be one of the very latest of the Syrian churches, but also for its form and its state of preservation. The arches of the nave are carried upon tall



Ill. 49. Simkhâr: General View.



Ill. 50. Shékh Slēmân: Distant View from the South.

rectangular piers instead of columns, and all these, together with the beautiful half dome of the apse and the outer walls, are standing, so that little besides a roof is required to restore the building to its original state.

Leaving this enchanting place, we descended southward into the lower rolling country east of the hills which form the eastern side of the ring about the Plain of Sermedā. We passed through a miserable village called Bātarûn, and another called Maḡlabîs: observations were taken in both. Then we turned to the southwest, passing under the telegraph line on the post-route between Antioch and Aleppo. Presently we ascended the hills again, and soon found ourselves at the ruins of Dera'mân which we had visited before. Thus we had made a complete circuit of the ring-mountain, the Djebel il-Ḥalaḡah, though in our journey we had made one long détour into the Djebel Sim'ân. After examining once more the two much-ruined churches at Dera'mân, and searching the other ruins for inscriptions, we descended into the Plain of Sermedā to camp at Termānîn, a village on the eastern edge of the plain. Next morning, starting early, we rode through the cultivated fields of this fertile bowl, and through the insignificant ruins of il-Kfêr, to the Roman road.



Ill. 51. Termānîn: Breaking Camp.

Traveling easily over this ancient highway for a mile, we then turned off again to revisit Tell 'Aḡibrîn. From this place we climbed the hills which form the southern part of the Djebel il-Ḥalaḡah, riding straight up to the peak four hundred feet above the plain, to find at Srîr the ruins of a temple of the Roman period with a good inscription of the Emperor Trajan, dated 116 A. D. Here was a view of wonderful beauty. From this point we could look back over much of the country that we had recently traversed. In all directions lay great expanses of the desert, and rising conspicuously above the surrounding hills were the three other eminences mentioned on page 67, each the site of a temple of the Roman time.

Descending, we moved westward, and then a little to the north of west, passing by three ruined towns, Burdj Djabr, Burdj 'Abdallāh and Burdj Nāṣîr, the first having some ruined houses near it. From the last we turned to the north and, passing through Sermedā again and then riding over rich fields for half an hour, reached the great arch of Bâb il-Hawā, which spans the Roman road where it leaves the plain and enters a defile in the hills to the north. We cantered easily along the ancient highway, passing a large herd of feeding camels, and, halting to copy an inscription by the way, finally sighted our tents pitched in the defile beside the ruins of a small chapel called Ḳaṣr il-Mudakhkhin (Smoking Castle). While the camp moved northwest on the following day we made a détour to visit two ruins, which had been discovered by the Expedition of 1900. "Smoking Castle", beside which our camp was pitched, lies at the end of a steep ancient mountain road that leads westward from the Roman highway to the plateau on which Dâr Ḳîṭā, Bābîṣḡā, and other important ruins are situated. We followed this, passing the ancient ruined town of bazaars or shops called Bā'ûdeh,

and then climbed a steep slope to the widely scattered ruins of Ksedjbeh, where the earlier expedition had studied two churches and other buildings. Here topographic observations were made, and then we descended again, crossed the Roman road, climbed



Ill. 52. On the Roman Road.

the hills on the opposite side, and soon reached Burdaqlı, a large group of ruins lying on the hillside which slopes down to the Plain of Sermedā. There are two ruined churches here, and the ruins of a mediaeval mosque of some architectural pretensions



Ill. 53. Țaşr il-Mudakkhin "the Camp.

with a graceful minaret still partly preserved. We found interesting tombs and important inscriptions here, and spent two profitable hours. Then returning to the Roman road, we followed it at a good pace, to lunch at the familiar Țaşr il-Benât. Moving on, we watered our horses at 'Ain Dilfeh, where there stand a complete apse, all that remains of a church, and a Moslem well-house with an Arabic inscription, and presently passed out of the defile and lost sight of the Roman road, which is probably buried beyond this point. We passed near Tēzīn and Ḥarrān, and through Yeni Shehr (Newtown), a

Circassian village with a Turkish name, and turning southwest, around the foot of the hills, reached the modern town of Ḥārim at six o'clock, well content with a good day's journey. Ḥārim is a pleasant looking place, dominated by the ruins of a large and

imposing Arabic castle. It has about two thousand inhabitants, almost exclusively Moslems, is surrounded by trees and gardens, and has plenty of running water, something that we had not seen for many weeks. There are bazaars here and a good khân.

On leaving Hârim we kept to the valley, going south all the morning, forcing the pace through the villages of Kaṣṭal Iskit (?), Tell Abū Ṭalḥah, Tell ʿAmmân and Kefr Taḳâb (?), having on our left just before noon the Djebel il-Aʿlā, which had been explored in 1899, and on our right the Orontes, and presently reached the western slopes of the Djebel Waṣṭânî, a high isolated mountain-group that lies to the south of the Djebel il-Aʿlā. Just before lunch-time we reached Fāsûḳ, a large ruined town on the top of the high plateau. But this, our last day of work among the ruins in the limestone hills, was to be spoiled. Heavy clouds had been collecting in the valley of the Orontes, and now they enveloped the mountain on which we were, deluging us with showers. It was very disappointing to be prevented from taking any measurements of the buildings or making a thorough search for inscriptions, for the ruins are unusually interesting and have never been published, perhaps never visited before. Leaving Fāsûḳ veiled in heavy mist, and quite as unexplored as it had been when we reached it, we resumed our journey, passing near another large and important looking ruin, the name of which we could not learn, and turning to the east began the steep and difficult descent by a goat-path to Kwârō, a village in the valley where our camp was pitched. By morning the sky had cleared, the sun came out bright and warm, and we felt strongly inclined to return to the plateau again. But it would have required several days to explore the region thoroughly, and the days of our pilgrimage were already numbered. We visited some rock-cut tombs in the region of Kwârō, and copied several poor inscriptions in Greek. Then we crossed the valley to Millis, another small village, and turning south found about half a mile farther on, beside the road, a tomb the vestibule of which is hewn in a sort of boulder. The tomb bore an interesting Greek inscription containing the date 193 A. D. We were now near the southern foot of the Djebel il-Aʿlā. A large lake or marsh lay to the south: passing to the north of this we went through the small village of Ibsîneh (?). Crossing some rising ground to the southeast, we passed through the large and flourishing town of Idlib, an hour and a half from the foothills.

Three miles farther on we reached Maiyamâs (?), then Nêrab and Dādîkh, three villages in the plain that divides the Djebel Riḥā on the south from the Djebel Bārîshā and the Djebel il-Aʿlā on the north. That night we encamped at Khân Sebîl, a village on the highway from Aleppo to Damascus.

On this road, the "Darb is-Sultân", we continued our journey southward through the familiar modern town of Maʿarrit in-Nuʿmân, to camp just outside the village of



III. 54. Khân Sebîl: the Mosque.

Khân Shēkhûn, with its clustering bee-hive houses. On the following day, we started on our caravan journey for the last time, still following the highroad, passing through Mūrîk and iṭ-Taiyibeh, and reached Ḥamā by noon. Here the hateful sound of a locomotive's whistle reminded us that we had returned to what we believed to be



Ill. 55. Khân Shēkhûn.



Ill. 56. The Caravan on the Home Stretch.

civilization. That night we slept in a very poor khân. We walked the streets, seeing a strange mixture of the old and the new, the East and the West, passing brightly lighted cafés, with little tables set out in front, at which sat a motley crowd of Christian Syrians, Mohammedans, Kurds, Circassians, Turkomans, and even Arabs of the

desert. For this is the terminus of several great caravan roads that come from the east, and at that time it was also the terminus of a spur of the railway from Beirût to Damascus. The railway now reaches Aleppo. We took a train, not badly equipped



Ill. 57. Ḥamā: Crowd of Natives at our Camp.

in the first class but very slow of speed, and stopped off, tourist-like, to see the old familiar ruins of Ba'albek by way of breaking the journey. A day later found us in Beirût, within sight and sound of the sea.

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SECTION B

THE EXPEDITION OF 1909

BY

HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER, A. M.

THE EXPEDITION OF 1909

The remainder of this narrative has to do with the most recent of the Princeton Expeditions, that of the year 1909. This trip came about rather unexpectedly and was the direct result of several observations and discoveries made four years before, which at that time could not be followed up to satisfactory conclusions. During the winter 1904-5 a hasty journey had been made far to the south of the Ḥaurân, and a large fortress and fragments of an imperial edict had been found at ẖoşêr il-Ḥallâbât; but work on the buildings and the inscriptions had to be abandoned because of a heavy snow-storm. Work on the fragments of the edict, as well as upon the hastily made plans of the fortress and the mosque at this place, while in progress at home, had shown the unusual importance of these discoveries, and this afforded one reason for a return to the field. In the second place, my journey up the plain of the Ḥaurân and across the Ledjâ, at the end of the first half of the Expedition of 1904-5, had shown the great extent and the unusual importance of the ruins in both localities; but I had been unable to make more than the most superficial report of them. In order, then, to complete our archaeological survey of Southern Syria or, perhaps better, to make it more nearly complete, the third expedition was organized to spend the spring months of 1909 there.

The journey was planned in the winter of 1908. Professor David Magie, of Princeton University, who with Professor D. R. Stuart had been at work on the edict and other Greek inscriptions copied by Professor Littmann in Southern Syria on the second expedition, undertook the collection of inscriptions. I was to have general oversight of the journey, and was to be the architect again. The trip was not to be a long one, and several friends were invited to accompany the expedition without definite assignments: these were Mr. Junius S. Morgan, who had been interested in the work of the former expeditions, Mr. Harold W. Bell, and Mr. Roderic B. Barnes, a recent graduate in architecture who joined the party at Jerusalem. Early in March the members of the expedition gathered in Jerusalem and, almost at once, moved into camp, placed as before in the olive grove near the Dominican monastery outside the Damascus Gate.

We left Jerusalem early on the morning of March 15th, and, after an extraordinarily cool journey under an overcast sky, encamped again at ʿAin is-Sultân, near the ruins of ancient Jericho. Late in the afternoon we walked over to the site of the ancient city to see the German excavations then being carried on. The work was being done chiefly by women, who were walking in an endless chain, carrying baskets of earth on their heads and dumping them into the wagons on a short system of

movable track. At the time of our visit the excavations were rather uninteresting to the casual observer: remains of walls of sun-dried brick following confused lines for a considerable distance above the plain, and a battering wall of stone, with a brick wall above it, on the north side of the tell, were apparently the only important remains yet unearthed. We saw none of the smaller finds.

We left Jericho the following morning, stopping for a bath in the river Jordan after crossing the rickety old bridge, and then traversed the plain to ascend the steep slopes of the mountains of Ammon. We followed at first the bed of a wādī, and then passed over the crest of a ridge, beyond which we descended a little to the ruins of 'Arâḳ il-Emîr. Three of us made a brief tour of the ruins, while the two others went for a bath in the Wādī iṣ-Şîr, from which they were presently driven with sticks and stones and loud shouting by a band of much excited and irate Bedawin, who objected to visitors bathing in the little pool they had made in the stream for the purpose of drawing water. There was considerable commotion and difficulty about recovering clothes and eye-glasses; but this was all patched up by George, the dragoon, and suitable apologies were made by the Shêkh to my outraged fellow-travelers.

The morning of St. Patrick's Day was spent in work at the ruins of the great temple. I made some fresh observations in order to check up my publications, making certain of the presence of two fallen columns at the south end, which had been questioned by a reviewer, and making further examination of the details. No further information about the interior could be obtained, nor could I discover if there was a portal at the south end of the cella. The remains of the walls inside the structure are, in part at least, either Christian or Saracenic: these walls are not parallel with the outer walls, and there are unmistakable remains of stone vaults.

In the afternoon we journeyed to 'Ammân over the route that had been traversed in 1904. The day was perfect, and we arrived early, in time to ride up the northwest slope of the acropolis and make a turn around the north and east ends of the hill, before making our way to the camp, pitched this time in front of the theatre. Halted in our advance into the desert by the local Mudîr, we were obliged to stop over the eighteenth in camp, while we waited for an answer to a telegram which I had sent to Nazim Pasha, the Governor General of Syria. A favorable reply came in the evening, and we started out the next day guarded by two zabṭîyeh, resolved to follow the Roman road to Boşrâ, with our first camp at Ḳal'at iz-Zerḳâ. We left the ancient city of Philadelphia by the way along the stream, but soon, finding that the Roman road did not follow that course, we crossed over a ridge on the right and came to a broad valley, in the bottom of which the old highway was visible at many points. There were two methods of tracing that ancient highway, one by observing actual remains of its pavement, the other by finding the milestones at the end of each mile. Our first milestone was the eighth from 'Ammân. It preserved a good inscription with the Roman numerals XLIII and the Greek ΜΔ, representing the number of miles from Boşrâ. The road from 'Ammân to Ḳal'at iz-Zerḳâ is not well preserved; but we were able to trace its course by the milestones. These consist, not of a single stone, but in most cases of a group of shafts of white limestone, some of them inscribed, others plain, others palimpsests with one inscription over another. But the full account of our journeys on the Roman road and of our finding its milestones is contained in an appendix to the Publications of the Princeton Expeditions, Division III, Section A,

Part 2. After leaving Ǧal'at iz-Zerḳā, still traveling on the Roman road, we made a short détour near midday and ate our lunch at Khau, an uninteresting ruin on a hilltop to the left. Returning to our route we followed it again, checking off the miles by milestones where the road did not pass too near to the line of the Hedjaz Railway, passing through country otherwise quite uninteresting until we reached camp at Khirbit is-Samrā, near milestone No. XXXI from Boṣrā and not far from the railway line. The place was once a Roman fort with a small town near it; but the builders of the railway used it as a quarry, having carried a spur from the line into the ruins: consequently very little is left of it.

Leaving Khirbit is-Samrā early in the morning of the 21st, we turned to the northeast in search of the ancient road, but found no remains of it. It probably recrosses the railway above Samrā. But I was riding well to the east in search of milestones, when presently I caught sight of the white walls of Ǧoṣēr il-Ḥallābāt, shining far off in the dim distance across the desert to the southeast. The temptation was too great. After a moment's consultation we abandoned the Roman road and urged our fresh steeds towards the ancient fortress, reaching it after two hours of fast riding. The ruin, in white stone with ornamental bands of black basalt, in the bright morning sunlight wore a very different aspect from that which it had worn when we had last seen it, more than four years before, on a bleak and snowy day in January. We could spend only two hours here, as the camp had been sent on many miles to il-Fedēn; but we soon discovered how much work there was to be done, and resolved to return later, bringing the camp with us and prepared to remain several days, in case water could be found anywhere within an hour. On leaving the castle we rode northeast for thirty-five minutes, and crossed the Wādī il-Āḳīb. The country in all directions is a rolling desert, not barren of soil, but dry and exhausted, bearing nothing but coarse desert brush except in the spring, when a slight verdure spreads over the ground for a few weeks. This was appearing now. We did not feel sure of our direction: there are of course no paths, and when I espied a group of seven Bedawin tents far off to the northwest, I immediately turned toward them in order to inquire the way, and the others followed. We were eight, our own party of five, the dragoman, the lunch waiter, and our soldier who had been a Bedawi. We passed over a bit of rising ground on the rolling surface of the desert, and dropped into a hollow from which the tents were invisible: presently we rose again, and this time I could see only four tents. After another fall and rise there were none to be seen, and my companions were inclined to chaff me for having imagined the seven tents. But a look through a pair of field-glasses revealed a band of Bedawin and animals making their way in the direction we were riding, pushing up the slope of the hill that bounded the plain on that side. We did not want to lose sight of this possible source of information, and spurred our horses after them. Presently we passed the spot where their camp had been — this was unmistakeable: then, hurrying on, we followed them directly up the hill, now in hot pursuit; but at the summit an unexpected sight met our astonished eyes. We had come upon a broad plateau, and there, spread out before us, not a quarter of a mile away, was a large Bedawin encampment of a hundred tents or more, grouped about one large tent. We had scarcely time to realize where we were before a band of twenty spearmen, well mounted and in perfect formation, started in our direction at full gallop, with loud shouts and cries — the unmistakeable war-cries of

the Bedawin. They had hardly left the tents when a second band, these armed with rifles, dashed out in good order to follow their fellows. I was at a complete loss to understand all this; but I realized at once the danger of our position. My four companions were in Syria for the first time, their experience with the Arabs was hardly a week old, they knew not a word of Arabic. There was no time to think, no chance to explain or even to be heard. We halted: then I rode on with George, the dragoman, towards the advancing horsemen, now coming on at full speed with their spears set. I yelled at the top of my voice "Your guests and unarmed" several times over, waving my arms to show that I was unarmed, as I always was among the Arabs; but the others were armed, especially George and the soldier, who were conspicuously loaded down with cartridges. To my astonishment, the appeal seemed to make no impression, the Arabs continued their charge unchecked directly towards me, and for a moment I began to lose my faith in Arab customs; for I could see myself presently skewered upon a lance as upon a spit. It all took much less time than it does to tell it; but just as their spears seemed to reach my horse's nose, the band parted, and in a second one group had surrounded me, while the other, reinforced by the riflemen, made a ring around us. Then pandemonium was let loose, everybody yelling excitedly. They dismounted, holding our horses fast; but not a hand was laid upon us foreigners. They pulled the soldier from his horse, took his rifle and began to strip his cartridges from him: they jostled George a good deal; but he kept his saddle. In the babel of sounds we could make out "Who are you?" "What are you doing here?" "Why do you come after us?" Then, as the shouts and excitement increased, and as the soldier's words seemed to be increasing their wrath, and just when our situation seemed at its worst, I looked toward the tents and saw a tall spare figure, all in white, mounted on a beautiful Arab horse, cantering easily up towards us. As he came near I recognized at once that this was some great person, about thirty-five years old, with beautiful, clear-cut features, and a soft dark beard and moustache: with his loose mantle floating behind him he made an impressive picture. Waving a long slender mediaeval hand, he shouted above the clamor "Peace, you dogs", and complete silence reigned at once. He rode directly up to me, saluting profoundly. He shook his head a little, as many Orientals do when asking a question, and simply said "Why?" "We are your guests," I replied, "we are smelling the air of your country, doing no harm". He smiled benignly and said: "I will explain. A few moments ago an outpost of my tribe, encamped on the edge of the plain, came running into my camp in great terror, saying that a band of raiders out of the southeast was pursuing them at top speed. Thinking that the raiders must be unfriendly Druses or soldiers, I ordered my young men to arm and ride out to meet the enemy; for no one ever comes out of the southeast, and, as you probably know, no one ever rides fast in the desert who is not bent on mischief" — this last with another engaging smile. In a few minutes George had explained our presence. I put in a plea for our soldier, saying that he had come with us to defend us from robbers and such, and directly the chief bade his men restore Mohammed's rifle and cartridges to him, and then the 'Anazeh Shèkh invited us to repair to his tent for coffee. But we were already late, and when we explained that we must reach il-Fedèn before nightfall, the chief offered to accompany us part of the way. He and his son, a beautiful lad, rode with us for several miles and then bade us a most formal farewell. So ended our first encounter with the real Bedawin.

Well on in the afternoon we reached the railway line, and followed it northward, arriving at il-Fedên at five o'clock. But here we received from a band of soldiers guarding the railway-tank the dreadful news that there was no water there, and that our camp had passed about noon and had gone on northward to Naşîb, the first place where water was to be found, a journey which cost us seven hours more. We began to regret our excursion to ẖoşêr il-Hallâbât; but, securing the service of a Bedawi from a little camp near by as guide, we started off. After a beautiful sunset darkness came on, and though the stars shone brightly the path was very dark. Often we could not follow the line of the railway, for the ground was too rough, and again and again we lost our way. I shall never forget that night. Often we seemed to be riding on the very edge of a yawning chasm. Our horses would stumble, and it would appear certain that some one of us must eventually be hurled into an abyss. It became very cold as the night wore on, and we tried walking and leading our horses; but the path was impossibly rough, and we realized that our horses could see better than we. All were extremely fatigued and hungry. It seemed as if we should never arrive at camp: sometimes I believed that we had missed Naşîb, and were miles past it. Finally, however, a little after midnight, we saw lights, then we heard dogs barking, and in a few minutes our much worried muleteers came running out with lanterns to guide us through the miserable village to our tents. Dinner had been waiting for hours, but it was hot and very welcome after a day of seventeen hours, mostly in the saddle and with only a light lunch.

We remained in Naşîb two days, securing camels to carry water for the journey to ẖoşêr il-Hallâbât. The castle of Boşrâ, far away at the foot of the Djebel Haurân, was in plain view from our camp. Şalkhad's castle on its cone-shaped base loomed up against the horizon.

The second of our two days in Naşîb was spent in an excursion to il-Umtâ'iyeh, in the course of which we passed through Sameh and near Umm is-Surab, all visited four years before. On the next day we set out with the camp for ẖaşr il-Bâ'îķ. South of Umm is-Surab we came upon a well preserved section of a Roman road that led from a fork at Kôm il-Menârah to il-Fedên, and probably beyond to Djerash. A little farther on we reached Trajan's road from Boşrâ to the Red Sea, striking it below milestone No. XV, southwest of ẖaşr il-Bâ'îķ. Here the road is almost perfectly preserved, for the locality does not suffer from unfavorable weather conditions and this region has been abandoned for many centuries; for even while the pilgrimages passed through Boşrâ, their route south of the fork mentioned above lay to the west, through il-Fedên. These sections of almost perfect road are six meters wide, with the usual raised curb on either side, and the "ridge-rib" in the middle. But it was here that we discovered that the finely fitted paving-blocks were not the actual road-bed, but were covered with a certain thickness of volcanic cinders under a layer of beaten clay, which provided a smooth and elastic footing for animals, as I have described more fully in the appendix to III, A, 2. We galloped easily over this road, where a motor-car would have found a good speedway, in a northeasterly direction and, passing milestone No. XIV reached No. XIII, where we turned a little to the north of east.

ẖaşr il-Bâ'îķ is an interesting fortress, built, as we see it now, in the fifth century. As a military station it is probably much older. It crowns a commanding isolated hill. Our halt here was to be devoted chiefly to the further exploration of the Roman road

and to the collection of the milestone inscriptions in the section of this road not traversed by Père Germer-Durand, who had copied the inscriptions up to milestone No. XIV, and traveling northward from 'Ammân had also copied all those extant up to No. XXIV from Boşrâ. Magie and I started southwest, leaving the camp. We found great numbers of inscribed milestones, and the copying of these consumed so much time that we got no further than milestone No. XX. This place we named Venti Miglie, and here we decided to pitch the camp next day. When we arrived at the tents we found our company in a flutter of excitement. Another band of the 'Anazeh tribe of Bedawin, quite different from those whose acquaintance we had made, had passed near the camp in its migration, and one of the shêkhs had paid a call. When the troop of camels and horses and horsemen and flocks had appeared on the horizon, the servants had been thrown into a state of panic. For all the town-inhabiting natives of Syria, Aulâd il-'Arab (Sons of the Arabs) as they call themselves, are much afraid of the Arabs who live in tents, and believe that rapine and murder are the chief occupation of their desert cousins. So our camp-people fell into a complete funk, resigning themselves to murder, the camp to pillage, and the animals to plunder. The dragoman was with us, so that his calming presence could not be felt. The head servant was one Joseph, not the fire-eating, fire-water-drinking Joseph of our two former expeditions, but another, a very "fearful man", who had tasted nothing but strong tea since he entered Bedawin country. His face was the color of ashes seen through green glass, I am told, as he informed our companions of the fate which awaited them, and he was annoyed that they neither took measures to defend themselves nor even wept at his sad prophecy. Barnes sat writing in the large tent. He needed some more paper or a pen, and he called to Joseph in colloquial English: "Joseph, can you get into the stationery-box"? "I don't know, Sir; but I'll try", replied the grumbling son of the Arab, delighted that someone had at last begun to think of measures of safety, and preparing to squeeze himself into a box two feet by three by two. The main body of the host passed the tents a mile or more to the east; but the Shêkh, an aged man of distinguished appearance, came over to the camp and was offered coffee and sweets, which he accepted. He then asked for a laxative, saying that his stomach felt like a stone in the middle of his body. Thereupon Bell gave him a dozen cascara tablets with directions to take them all in one dose. He expressed his thanks and departed. So passed our second encounter with the real Arabs.

On March 26th the camp was moved to milestone No. XX, as the next stage of our journey to ẖoşêr il-Hallâbât. Early on the following day the caravan started on the last stage. Magie and I determined to go three more miles on the Roman road, expecting to overtake our friends who were traveling with the camp-caravan. At milestone No. XXI we found several inscriptions, which took more time to copy than we realized. We had no one with us. We looked longingly towards Numbers XXII and XXIII, realizing that there were only these two between us and the inscriptions copied by Père Germer-Durand; but we did not know the way and had no guide, and we felt that we must overtake the caravan. We started out at a brisk pace and soon found the footprints of our camp-animals. These we followed for some time, as long as they were visible; but after a while we came upon a part of the desert so hard of surface that we were unable to find any tracks. Here we circled about for a few minutes, expecting to discover some sign, and then realized that we had entirely lost the trail.

We looked back to the last landmark and then at our compass, and judging what our direction should be from our map, made by the earlier expedition, started out, trusting in Providence. We never picked up the tracks again, but rode on into the limitless desert. A great flock of storks swinging in a circle high in the air attracted our attention. I knew this meant water, but did not dare swerve again from our chosen direction. Presently, however, we came to a number of large pools with hundreds of storks wading in them. Our caravan had missed this welcome find, but the Bedawin had not; for there were tracks of many camels and men. We watered our horses, and later sent our dragoman back to mark this spot; for we were expecting to be obliged to send our camels all the way back to Naşib for water. About an hour after this we came upon some landmarks familiar to me from my first visit to the castle, on the direct line between it and Umm idj-Djimâl. A little later we beheld the creamy walls shining in the afternoon sunlight. It had taken us a little over three hours to ride in a direct line from milestone No. XXI, and we recalled that we had left No. XXXI a few days before and reached the castle in a little over two hours.

We found the camp pitched on the dry floor of a large reservoir, of horse-shoe shape, southwest of the castle. Here, safe from the winds and hidden from view, were gathered together our tents with all our belongings, horses, mules, donkeys and camels. Joseph prayed that the donkeys might not bray while we were there. From the twenty-seventh to the thirtieth of March we worked at the ruins. Thirty-five blocks containing fragments of the edict were found, in addition to the twenty-seven discovered on our first visit. This seemed a very great number, note-books were filled with closely written Greek, and we believed that we must have found almost all of it; but there was no opportunity to piece the fragments together. We made the search as thorough as could be without elaborate excavation involving the clearing out of all of this part of the ruin; for the edict had been written upon the wall of the castle-yard, and this wall had been taken down and rebuilt, and had later collapsed entirely. I made more detailed measurements of the mosque and of the bath in the valley below; but everybody was chiefly employed in making copies or squeezes of the inscriptions, while George directed the muleteers in the work of turning over stones. We had gone up to the castle very early in the morning of the second day, and Moḥammed, the soldier, had gone up to the top of one of the five towers to watch. It was about eight o'clock when he signalled to me with a low whistle, and by signs asked me to bring my field-glasses. When I reached him he pointed to the southeast and said "Arabs"! I could see nothing with the naked eye; but the binoculars revealed a slight vibration on the horizon, which might have been caused by heat waves. But the day was rather cold, and as I continued looking through the glasses, watching the trembling line, I suddenly realized that for miles and miles it was formed by countless numbers of animals in steady motion. The 'Anazeh again! I was not in the least prepared for the spectacle that was to be provided for us during the next few hours; but I shall always remember it as one of the most impressive in my experience. The soldier cautioned us all to keep out of sight, within the walls of the castle. And the more we thought of it, the more we realized the value of his advice and our real danger. As the innumerable host swept towards us, we knew how dangerous it would be for any of us to be seen. The Arabs would be on the watch for their own safety: if they saw one of us they could not know how strong we were in numbers, and they would

naturally think that our presence meant no good to them. They would organize for an assault, there would be no time for explanations, and they would begin firing as soon as they came within range. If we retired behind the walls after being seen, they would swarm over the walls, shoot the first man who showed his head and then search out the rest. We thought it best to take Moḥammed's advice. I think it should be told to our credit that we went on making our copies and squeezes quite as if there was no danger in the air, every one of us wondering if some one of the mighty throng might not be drawn by curiosity to pay a visit to the castle. How fortunate it is, I have often thought, that the Arabs take so little interest in the antiquities of their land! I do not remember how long it took the first ranks to come abreast the castle, in straight lines drawn due east. It did not seem so very long, though the time probably seemed shorter than it really was. But when they approached, we were amazed beyond measure. The castle stands on the top of a hill, and as the western flank of the Arab hosts moved along at the very foot of the hill we could hear the men calling to one another. Beyond these a compact mass extended to the eastward as far as the eye could see, and field-glasses failed to discover the eastern flank, which must have been miles away. But of what did the host consist? Of camels, camels and more camels. Here and there were groups of men mounted on horses, here and there were horses without burdens, mares with foals, herds of goats, flocks of sheep, groups of men on foot, little knots of women and children; but the vast mass that turned the gray desert to a dark brown was made up of camels. Camels with bells, camels with large packs, camels with folded tents, camels with housings full of women and children, camels with long poles on which chickens solemnly perched, mother-camels with baby-camels. Once in a while a black camel, now and then a white camel, here aged camels with hides which looked moth-eaten, there some gay young camels, still gray or white and woolly. One could not believe there were so many camels in all the world. The solid dark brown creeping stream, extending from a little below us, how far to the east one could not see, flowed steadily past the castle hour after hour, and it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that the rear-guard went by, eight hours after we had first seen them, and it was over an hour more before the last of them disappeared over the hills in the direction of Umm idj-Djimâl — "The Mother of Camels"! Thus ended our third encounter with the real Arabs.

It is not given to many Europeans to see an Arab tribe on the march. We had had this privilege: we had had it brought home to us, for the first time in our lives, what the populousness of Arabia means; for this was but a section of one of the many tribes all moving at this season. It made it possible to understand how, more than once in past history, Arabia has overflowed, to wipe out other races and civilizations, and to spread its seed afar. We might spend many another springtime here at this castle without witnessing a similar spectacle. It was an unusual season, and water was as sadly lacking this year as it had been abundant in 1904-5. On this account the Bedawin were forced much farther west. This tribe, which had just passed on its migration, had come from Ka'at Ezraḳ, far to the southeast, where they would have found water in a lake and pasture in the oasis around its banks. Ordinarily, they would have passed northward to the oases in the region of the Djebel Sês, by a route on the east of the Djebel Haurân. But this year they were planning to pass up the plain called in-Nuḳrah, the rich plain on the west of the Haurân Mountains, already

planted and growing ankle-deep with winter-sown wheat and barley for the early summer harvest. What havoc their passage was now to create in the smiling fields we were to see as an accomplished fact a few days later.

Is-Summāḳīyāt was made our only camping-place on the way to Boṣrā. We saw the long drawn out line of black ruins which marked the site of Umm idj-Djimāl on our right as we journeyed along, and resolved to return there on the following day; for there were four of the party who had heard much of, but never had beheld, the wonders of "The Mother of Camels". We found the people of is-Summāḳīyāt in a pitiful state of mind. This village is situated on the border of the desert, at the southern end of the cultivated plain of the Ḥaurān: it is the southernmost of the inhabited villages, and the inhabitants cultivate the fields that lie to the north of them, irrigating them from the Wādī Buṭm when melting snows on the mountains fill the wādī with water. Now the 'Anazeh had come and gone, leaving not a trace of green in the fields, for the hungry camels had eaten every blade and spear down to the ground. The Bedawin had not attacked the village, so that the poor people still had the remains of the winter's straw in their barns and a little seed for replanting against the late harvest; but they would have to suffer bitterly meanwhile. The day spent at Umm idj-Djimāl was a very perfect one for our excursion. We did not intend to do much serious work there, and went en touriste. But as it often happens that when one is not looking for anything in particular he finds something of value, so now it happened that we found the Greek half of a Nabataean-Greek bilingual inscription, the other half of which had raised considerable discussion among scholars. This stone solved the problem. There it lay face down, with thousands of others looking just like it, having escaped the careful search of many days made by the former expedition and giving one more sign of the inexhaustibility of these ruins. There were only a few Bedawin, chiefly women, in the ruins, in charge of a few camels with very young ones, waiting to join the main body of the tribe at a later day. We noted, to our regret, that the Druses of the Djebel Ḥaurān had been active recently in the ruins, having scratched their names on the portals of many of the large buildings. The Arabs told us that the Druses had divided the ruin among themselves, but whether for destruction, or for building purposes, or for future settlement, they could not tell us.

On our way back to camp we encountered a cavalcade of Arabs, a lot of handsome youths with one older man. They were particularly effusive in their salutations, laughing and smiling at us as they passed the time of day, and showing their white and beautiful teeth. One, who was wearing a pair of fine red slippers, told us that if we found a silk kaffiyeh, or kerchief, in the road, to keep it, as it belonged to him. At the camp we found terror and dismay reigning. Two muleteers came out to tell us that the camp had been raided and that nothing whatever remained but the tents. The cook came from behind a native hen-coop, bewailing our terrible plight, and Joseph presently put in an appearance, looking almost happy, and telling us that he had saved his life by burying himself in a room full of tibn, or chopped straw.

The situation looked serious, and we had little doubt that our very cordial and smiling friends of half an hour before had been the perpetrators of the shocking deed. We dismounted to look over the camp and to see what had been left to us, but were astonished to find that things looked about as they had when we left. After a careful taking of stock we found that the terrible raid had deprived us of the following:

two dozen oranges from a box in the dining-tent, a revolver which Magie had left on the top of his hold-all, a pair of new red slippers from under my cot — on the cot lay a neatly folded kaffiyeh — a roast leg of lamb from the kitchen, and a form of caramel pudding which had been left to cool in the open. Dinner was delayed a whole hour. The muleteer Rashid, who with one other, apparently, had been the only ones of all our attendants not to flee, and who had watched the proceedings from a point not very far away, told us that the boys laughed and joked as they performed their wicked deed, but that an older man among them was doing his best to control them, saying it was a shame to treat visitors so badly.

We were amazed. Our camp had been entirely at the mercy of these young Arabs, who are responsible to no one but themselves, and who know no law but the law of the desert: they could have robbed us of much that was invaluable to us and that would have had decided value for them, our bedding, our rugs, our warm clothing, our stores of food, our animals, and a good many little objects of one kind or another, to say nothing of a light iron box containing our money, which one blow from the butt of a gun would have broken open. They had taken a revolver exposed to plain view, and no Arab could be expected to resist temptation where fire-arms are concerned: they had regaled themselves with the roast mutton, the pudding and the oranges, and had left a silk kaffiyeh in place of my red slippers. Would a crowd of roistering school-boys in our own country treat an unprotected summer camp more considerately? Thus ended our fourth encounter with the real Arabs.

On the way to Boşrā on April 1st we rode over miles of fields that had been stripped by the passing Bedawin. We had seen the same fields from Naşib, green and promising, a few days before: now they looked as if fire or a pest of locusts had passed over them. We spent the second and third of April in Boşrā, preparing for our rapid trip to Ẹanawāt and Sī^c, and for the final part of our journey, that in the Ledjā. We were heartily welcomed by our old friends the Mudīr and the Commandant, and by all the people of Boşrā for that matter. From the Commandant we learned much about the unexpected march of the ‘Anazeh through the plain of the Ḥaurān, and of the terrible damage done to the crops. He had sent out several military expeditions against them, and his men had returned triumphant, bringing some hundred odd camels with them. This apparently had satisfied the Bostrians, though we soon learned that the district had far too few soldiers to put up any resistance against the advancing hordes, and that the booty of a hundred camels was not the result of “harassing the enemy in retreat”, but of weakly attacking the rear of a triumphant invasion. Boşrā had suffered comparatively little.

The Mudīr gave us a fine dinner one evening, inviting all the local nabobs to meet us and eat after us. Some of the members of our party had their first experience of sitting at meat on the floor and dipping with others in one dish, and they found themselves a little stiff in the legs when the time came to rise. But all the while I was conscious of an uneasiness on the part of our host and fellow-guests, and now and then messengers came in and whispered to the great man, who looked troubled and careworn. The next morning, however, we found him and his fifteen or twenty sons quite well, when we called to “pay our party call” and take final leave; and it was not until several days later that we learned the reason for his look of care.

It was a long day’s journey from ancient Bostra to Kanatha, as Ẹanawāt was

called in classical times. Our camp was pitched on high ground on the opposite side of the ravine from the village and the imposing ruins. As we sat before our tents late in the afternoon, watching the western sky illumine the splendid columns of the two temples, I wondered why there were so few men about, and why, of all our friends, the high religious dignitary was the only one to pay us a welcoming call; and he had seemed to be worried and ill at ease, taking his leave very soon after a formal visit. We began work early on the following morning, some going with a band of muleteers to do a little excavating at Sî^c, only half an hour away, others remaining to visit the ruins of Kanawât.

Barnes with his architect's eye had caught sight of the temple of Zeus, and sketch-book in hand made straight for that fine ruin and began to explore it. The natives had removed some of the fallen blocks of stone that for centuries had filled the interior, and as a result of this Barnes made the important discovery that the cella had been divided by two rows of columns, which with the exedra and side-chambers at the far end of the building gave the temple the plan of an early Syrian church. At Sî^c we were once more proving the inexhaustible richness of the temple-precinct, finding more new inscriptions, architectural details and sculptures. Among the first were a Nabataean inscription on an altar-pedestal dated in the 33rd year of the reign of Philip the Tetrarch, A.D. 29/30, and the Greek-Nabataean inscription mentioned above on page 22. Among the last was a relief of the cult of Mithra in a perfect state of preservation.

Soon after our return to camp a group of men, old friends of mine, approached from the village. They greeted us warmly, but explained excitedly: "For three days we watched your tents, waiting for you to leave Boşrâ, for we knew you would come here. As you left the town by the north we entered it from the east. We have burned the place, all the bazaars and every house. We have killed many of the men and driven the rest, with the women and children, into the castle: we are all unharmed, for the soldiers were away chasing the 'Anazeh: surely God is with us". I wonder why it is that savage and semi-savage people always insist that God is with them whenever they have succeeded in killing a number of their fellow-men, rather than at other times. May it not be that it is because they are particularly well aware at such times, deep down inside them, that God has turned his back upon them and they are trying to brazen it out? I could not be jubilant; for I had many good friends in Boşrâ, and I knew that these other friends, if all they had said was true, were getting themselves into very hot water. I assumed, as well as I could, the stolid look of an Oriental, and asked "But why"? Then came a long story, the first part of which I already knew. There had been for generations a feud between the Druses of the Mountain and the Hawârneh of the Plain of which Boşrâ was the head and center. A strip of country two or three miles wide and many miles long had been made dead land between the two foes, and no man dared enter it. It was arable, it was being wasted, and the Druses, after years of peace, decided to attempt to establish a line-boundary with the Hawârneh, dividing the neutral land between the two peoples. Having sent and received Bedawin messengers to and from Boşrâ, they had sent an embassy of their own shêkhs to the city. The embassy had been well received, fêted and feasted: they had settled, as they thought, the matter of the boundary, and they had set out on their homeward journey well satisfied with the outcome of their mission. But when they were only a few miles on the road they were overtaken by a band of horsemen from Boşrâ,

attacked and beaten, two of the ambassadors had been killed, and the rest had barely escaped to tell the tale. This at least was the Druses' side of the case. I was genuinely disturbed, and asked very gravely: "Why did you not complain to the Governor of Damascus, Nazim Pasha, who is a good man and a friend of mine, rather than take the matter into your own hands and make war"? They asserted that they had appealed to various governors of Syria again and again without success, their petitions were not heeded and their wrongs were not redressed, because they insisted upon maintaining their independence. I remarked that I was sorry I had not arrived earlier, and that I might have undertaken to write to the Governor in their behalf. Some of the older men warmed at once to this suggestion; for they were already realizing how serious their situation might yet prove to be. For Nazim Pasha was a mighty man. No governor had ever ruled Syria so well, none had ever been so successful in keeping the Arabs in their place, and never had the pilgrimage to Mecca been so safe. And he had never disturbed the Druses during his long term of office, because they had behaved themselves. Now that they had precipitated a war outside their long-established borders, it was quite possible that he might undertake repressive measures against them, and with greater success than his predecessors had done. They asked me if I would write now, and I answered that I would not only write, but would go to Damascus to present their case in person. It was thereupon arranged that they should return with other responsible men, shêkhs of their people, and that together we should compose a letter in duplicate, in Arabic and French.

The following day, a deputation of important Druses arrived at the tents. They manifested the greatest interest in this new proposal, and showed genuine gratitude that an outsider should interest himself in their welfare. It seemed difficult for them to believe that a person with any influence should strive to use it for the benefit of others, and tears shone in the eyes of some of these hardy warlike chiefs, as they said I was their father and their brother. The letter was finally composed and agreed to by all. It rehearsed the story of their desire to establish a boundary-line, of their embassy to Boşrâ, and of the treachery of the Bostrians. It admitted misdirected zeal in their chastisement of the offenders, and craved pardon of his Excellency for having disturbed the peace of his province and for not having brought their case to him before they took action, and closed with the expression of their desire to have him send a commission to investigate the questions at issue, and to attempt a settlement of all differences. This was written in Arabic with a French translation, so that the Governor would know that I understood the contents, and it was accompanied by a brief letter of my own, saying that I had investigated the case as far as I could, and believed the report to be true in its main points. The shêkhs left much relieved and hopeful.

On the sixth of April we set out on our long-planned trip to the Ledjâ with many sites as yet unvisited by Europeans. But there were several places in the northern end of the Djebel Haurân and on the borders of the lava-fields that remained to be visited on the way. Accordingly, we rode first to Dêr Smêdj, not half an hour from ẖanawât, where there is a sacred temenos of the best Roman period, quite hidden among young oak trees and thick shrubbery. We measured and examined the ruins, took lunch, and moved to a most picturesque ruin on the top of a conical hill, rising above a small village called il-Mef'aleh. A ruin of this type invariably raised in us hopes of discovering a second Sî', and therefore we were disappointed to find only a

crude castle-like building standing on the side of an extinct crater which had within it a small lake.

While making our way to camp at Brêkeh, just within the Ledjā, we passed a wonderful ruin at a place called Slêm, where I recognized the original of a photograph that I had seen among those taken by an enterprising photographer in Beirût. I knew that the building had not been published, and we resolved to return here on the following day. Therefore we entered the great lava-field late in the day, by an opening in its south end made for an ancient Roman road. We spent the night at Brêkeh and returned to Slêm in the morning, without having become acquainted with the real nature of the country into which we had moved. On the way to Slêm we stopped at a ruin called Tell id-Dibbeh, on a small plateau girt about with a wall that may be of prehistoric origin and having a good spring at its foot. There were no remains here of later days. We spent most of the day in Slêm, studying the ruins of the very remarkable temple and copying inscriptions. It was cold and windy all day, and we were glad to get back to the camp at Brêkeh. This is a rather small village of the Druses on the site of an ancient town. Most of the ancient remains here have been broken up for building purposes, either in the Middle Ages, or recently by the present inhabitants. The only ruin that preserves any of its original character is that of a small temple of the late Roman period, which seems to have been used as a mosque at one time. From Brêkeh we made excursions to Dêr il-Leben, on the edge of the lava-fields, and Djîyeh towards the northwest. The former is a deserted early Christian ruin of little importance, serving now as a quarry: the latter is a disappointing place, inhabited by a small colony of Druses, showing a few ancient buildings of the poorer class and offering a small number of inscriptions.

The time had now come when one of our number, Morgan, was obliged to leave us in order to catch a steamer at Beirût and to keep appointments in Europe. I had business to attend to in Damascus, and accordingly on the ninth of April, Good Friday, Morgan and I, with the Shêkh of Nedjrân acting as our guide and with a single groom, set out for the nearest station on the Mecca railway, a few miles below Zor'ah. The day of our departure turned out to be the worst of the season, as far as weather conditions were concerned. Snow and sleet began falling before we set out at dawn, and we made our thirty-mile journey under the most uncomfortable conditions imaginable. Our guide was a strange and interesting figure, a tall slender man with sandy hair, a long pointed red beard, and a complexion to match. His type was distinctly like that of an Irishman or Scotchman, yet, in his farweh — a huge mantle lined with sheepskin — and with the high white head-band which signified that he was one of the initiated Druses, he looked like anything but a Celt. Perched upon his high saddle he faced for hours, without flinching, the bitter northwest gale bringing a blinding storm of sleet and snow. We arrived, nearly frozen and more nearly dead than alive, at the little lonely shack which served as a station on the railway, and arranged with the single official there to flag the evening train. Then the Shêkh and our groom started for the nearest village on their return trip to camp, taking our horses with them. Two large cups of milk, heated over a brazier, to which the station-master added some sugar making it necessary for us to add some whiskey, did much to restore us to life. When the "express" arrived we rejoiced to see that there was one first class compartment. This was empty, and we desired the use of it. The guard looked at

us suspiciously; for I confess we did not have the appearance of ever having ridden above third class. His palm readily yielded to treatment, however, and we presently found ourselves in a compartment which I am sure had not been unlocked for months, if ever before, except for cleaning purposes; for it was spick and span and as fresh as new. Here we divested ourselves of our drenched clothing and made an effort to make ourselves more presentable, respectable at least, against our arrival in the capital of Syria.

We found Damascus cold and rainy and muddy; but the well-protected bazaars, miles in length, provided a lively and merry scene. The camel bearing the sacred carpet of the pilgrimage had just started with many accompanying pilgrims for Mecca, and the children of Damascus were holding a sort of miniature pilgrimage in the long bazaars. Camels with housings for several children, together with horses, mules and donkeys, were there in large numbers: their owners were shouting for passengers, and for a metallik apiece the boys and girls, dressed in their very best, could ride from one end of the bazaar to the other and back again. I went to the bank for money and to the consulate for letters: then I repaired to the Serâya to interview his Excellency Nazim Pasha, the Governor General of Syria. The Governor, who had rebuked me ten years before for having been in the forbidden territory of the Druses, now asked no embarrassing questions as to how I had reached the country and, as soon as I made known the purpose of my visit to him, he manifested the deepest interest in the case, and seemed very glad to see an unprejudiced observer of the situation, who seemed to have some familiarity with the Druses. He had received the letter and was about to make arrangements for a conference between a commission of his sending and one made up of responsible Druse shêkhs, to be held at the barracks at Suwêdâ in the plain just below the western border of the Haurân Mountains. He asked me to urge the shêkhs to go to this meeting, and to assure them, on his given word, that amnesty would be granted for the purpose to all of the rebel shêkhs, and that the meeting would not be made an occasion for reprisals.

As Morgan was to take a later train on the line to Beirût, I regretfully took leave of him and started, by an early train, for the little station on the Mecca line I had left two days before. The railway journey was uneventful; but this time I was obliged to ride third class. The journey on horseback was in strong contrast to that of Good Friday; for Easter was a glorious spring day. I found that the camp had been moved and was pitched at Nedjrân, a few miles nearer the railway. Nedjrân is a Druse village of fair size on a ancient site of no great importance, to judge by the ruins. On the day after my return, April 12th, we traveled back over the road to Brêkeh, through the unimportant ruin of Mebna il-Bêt, to Rîmet il-Luhf on the south edge of the Ledjâ. The latter is a Druse village of fair size, with fragments of ancient walls and several arches incorporated in modern buildings, and a fine example of a detached tomb in a nearly perfect state of preservation, even its stone doors still swinging on their pivot-and-socket hinges. The next day the camp was moved to Şmêd, well to the northeast and not far from the heart of the Ledjâ. Our journey took us eastward from Nedjrân in half an hour to Dêr il-Asmar, a rather poor ruin of early Christian times, and eastward again to the ruins of a prehistoric fortified hill called Umm il-^cAlaḥ in twenty minutes, then toward the northeast for twenty-five minutes to Beshm, a ruin of little interest, then almost due north for an hour and a

quarter to the village of il-^cĀhireh, at which we did not stop, completing our journey to Šmêd in another hour and twenty-five minutes. This was our first journey into the heart of the Ledjā, and on this day, for the first time, we realized the true character of the country into which we had come. Near the foot of the Djebel Ḥaurân, in the region of the ruins and villages where we had been working, the country is only a little more stony and more broken up by fields and streams of lava than it is on the mountain slopes. But as soon as we penetrated into the interior of this great lava-field we found ourselves in a country the face of which could hardly be matched in the worst of evil dreams. Here the Mer de Glace, with its ridges, its fissures and its confused moraines, is reproduced in black lava; but here, to all the unevenness of surface which characterizes that icy sea are added strange phenomena which greatly increase the weird effects. In one place the lava appears to be rushing along like a turbulent torrent, in waves of greater or less regularity, in another the stream seems to have been arrested in its course to break into whirlpools and eddies, backing up and tossing this way and that, hurling huge hardened lumps of its own substance in all directions. Here and there it spreads out into level pools, in which great bubbles were formed, no doubt by pressure of steam from below. These bubbles are as large as houses: some of them are round and once formed great domes which stiffened and then exploded, blowing off their tops, while others are long, like the hull of a ship capsized and blown open along its keel from stem to stern. These bubbles form the only high points in the region, except a few small volcanoes like that above il-^cĀhireh, which forced themselves upward through the seething mass. From the tops of these higher points one looks over the tossing sea of black lava, frozen, as if in an instant, into the hardest basalt. But here and there the flowing currents of lava and the eddies have spared little level patches, which represent either the level of the plain or the valleys in the waves that have partly filled up during thousands of years; for they have soil in them, rich red fine-grained soil, and these have made the Ledjā habitable for a hundred generations. These little patches produce rich harvests of grain, some of them are planted in olive trees, and it is reported that forests of chestnut were once to be seen here. One observes that every ancient town, as well as the modern villages which have replaced a number of them, is situated near a group of these fertile patches of soil; but there are vast tracts where there is no soil whatever, and consequently no settlements ancient or modern. It will readily be imagined what it means to travel in a region like this. I believe that it would be absolutely impossible to make progress of more than four or five miles in a day in a given direction, even on foot, except by the paths which the ancients made, and which the modern natives follow even though they do not keep them in good repair, as their predecessors undoubtedly did.

Il-^cĀhireh had been visited by former explorers, and a small number of inscriptions had been copied there. We noticed architectural fragments, built into the modern houses, which probably belonged to a temple of medium size. We found at Šmêd a fairly large village of Druses, erected on an ancient site upon the crest of a huge stream of lava. Within five minutes' walk is "Old Šmêd", a group of ancient dwellings that have been plundered for building-materials. The Shêkh of Šmêd and all the other inhabitants were extremely cordial, and permitted us to examine and even to enter a small building used by them as a sort of shrine, in which we found numerous

inscriptions. On the day following our arrival, April 14th, we visited the Shêkh in his meḍâfeh, where we had coffee and sweets, and listened to some native music. We then rode half an hour south-southeast to a very poor ruin called Burd, and passed on eastward for twenty-five minutes to a Druse village and ruin known as Mdjêdil, where the whole population joined us in the search for inscriptions. Our search was well rewarded; for the inscriptions were many and of unusual interest, and hitherto unknown. The ancient ruin was a large one, but no individual buildings could be recognized. Some interesting fragments of sculpture were discovered, including a torso of Athena wearing the aegis, and an eagle. At this place we noticed remains of a well-made Roman road on two sides of the town. At the north end the road bears towards the northwest: at the south end it takes a southerly direction. This is perhaps a part of the great Roman highway which is shown on Wetzstein's map, and of which we had seen remnants near Brêkeh. We reached our camp at Şmêd after sunset.

The following morning found us making a short journey to the northwest, to Waḡm, a small Druse village occupying an ancient site, with several buildings of the early Christian period, very well preserved, and a number of good inscriptions. East of north from Waḡm, and only fifteen minutes distant, is the ruin called Khurêbât, where there are a few remains of a pagan temple. We were informed that there were neither villages nor ruins for a long distance to the northwest, north and northeast of these two ruins, and indeed from the highest points about we could see only a tossing sea of lava. One native, however, said that an ancient road crossed the region in a northwesterly direction: this may be the Roman road again. We returned to Waḡm and set out in a direction east of south to Kharsâ, a ruin and village through which I had passed in 1905. Most of the population had gone with a wedding procession to Şmêd, whither we also presently betook ourselves.

On Friday the 16th the camp was moved to a new base of operations, to Lubbên, which is a little to the southwest of the center of the Ledjâ. In the morning we passed through Kharsâ again, and rode through Dêr il-Barrânî, a poor Christian ruin on the top of a small crater, and idj-Djâdj, a still less interesting ruin, then to Djrên, where we took lunch with the Shêkh. Djrên, which was once called Lubbên, is an imposing ruin by reason of its two high towers; but it is rather disappointing at close sight, because it preserves little else besides these two striking monuments. The place is inhabited by a few families of Druses. Their shêkh, who lives in an ancient house, the entrance to the courtyard of which is through a double-arched vestibule in the ground-floor of one of the towers, provided us with a delicious luncheon, showed us all the old buildings and every scrap of ancient writing that he knew, and then set us on our way to the present Lubbên, where the camp had arrived several hours before.

The ruins of Lubbên are rich in ancient buildings of the best period of early Christian times in Southern Syria. They include a large church only slightly damaged by earthquakes, a smaller church in a very nearly perfect condition, which is used by the Shêkh as his meḍâfeh, and many ruined houses of the better class, besides numerous inscriptions. Shêkh Shâhîn Djemâl il-Mhethawi(?) is a fine representative of the Druse shêkhs. His large family of brothers are splendid types of their class, and his children are delightful little people. He was most effusive in his welcome: he had heard all about my letter and my self-appointed mission to the Governor General at Damascus, and informed me that I should hear presently good news of the results. On the day

after our arrival at Lubbèn we spent the morning among the antiquities of the place and the afternoon in making an excursion to Harrân, where there are a few ancient buildings of interest and a number of inscriptions in the midst of the buildings of a modern Druse village. The next day, Sunday, was spent in camp and among the ruins of Lubbèn.

On Monday the 19th the camp was sent by a direct route to Sûr, almost due west, while we made an excursion to ruins in the southwestern part of the Ledjâ. With this move we passed out of the Druse country and into the land of the Bedawin, under the guidance of an aged Druse. A long ride to the southwest over very rough country brought us to Msêkeh, a most interesting deserted ruin where there were many hours of work in measuring buildings and copying inscriptions. There was no sign of inhabitants, and we went about our task in the peace and comfort that only deserted ruins afford. But while Magie was at work on an inscription in a sequestered part of the ruin, and the rest of us, men and horses, were gathered in the ruined mosque preparing for lunch, he was surprised by a Bedawi leaping over the wall and brandishing a large club. A prompt call brought the dragoman to his assistance with a rifle. The poor native, when he had been calmed by hearing a few words in his own tongue, explained that he had been in search of a stray sheep and, without having seen any sign of human beings in the vicinity, had leaped over a wall to find a creature in strange garb mysteriously examining a written stone. He took this creature for a djinn and, being unable to retreat, had thought best to attack him, fully expecting to be killed. We turned to the northwest on leaving Msêkeh and came to il-Ubêr, a large ruined monastery with a church near it, both well preserved and of a good period. It was already growing late when we finished our work at this place and set out in the direction of Sûr, where our camp was to be. The country was indescribably rough, so that we were never able to hold to our direct course for more than a few minutes at one time. We zig-zagged back and forth in attempts to discover a passage through the maze of lava-streams, often being obliged to turn back and retrace our steps. Night finally came on, and our old guide was helpless. We floundered hopelessly about for hours, it seemed, until at last we caught sight of a group of lights set high in the air a long distance off. We knew by long experience that these were the signal-lights of our camp. We then dismounted, leaving our horses with the grooms to wait for daylight in a field at the bottom of a bowl in the lava, and set out across country in the direction of the lights, helped on by the bright stars. Climbing, leaping, stumbling, falling, over lava-floes and rifts, mounting ridges and descending into the troughs between waves of lava, twisting ankles and barking shins, we scrambled on, to reach our tents in an exhausted condition, but very ready for hot lentil soup and steaming chicken and rice.

The next day it rained, and we remained most of the time in our tents, writing up our notes, receiving a call from the Bedawin Shêkh, and going out only to return his call. In a large tent in the midst of a group of these simple abodes we found the Shêkh at home. Though living in a practically fixed abode, he scorned to live in a house. We were astonished to see the degree of cleanliness and comfort maintained in this simple dwelling in spite of the wind and rain outside. The Shêkh was a handsome person to look upon. His clear-cut features, deep mild eyes and charming expression showed him a true son of the desert. His manner was dignified and gracious withal:

he was hospitality itself. He offered to guide us to any ruins inhabited by Bedawin that we might choose to visit. The ruins of Sûr are more than usually interesting. Just to the north of the principal group is a detached ruin consisting of a large temenos enclosed by a high wall, and having a temple of unmistakably Nabataean origin within it. We found no Nabataean inscriptions in the ruins, but discovered several in Greek, one of them dated in the twentieth year of King Agrippa, A. D. 75 or 80. The remains of ancient domestic architecture in the main part of the ruins show that Sûr was an early settlement of the better class.

After three days of rain and wind the weather became fair and mild, and we were ready to resume our explorations. Our promised guide happened to be absent that morning, and we set forth by ourselves, to our sorrow as we were soon to learn. We rode first to Djedil, a large and extensive ruin of ancient origin that had been a town of some importance during the Middle Ages, for there are two deserted mosques there. Our visit was a disastrous failure. A group of Bedawin appeared upon the scene the moment we entered the ruins and ordered us to be off at once. When we attempted to explain that we meant no harm and desired only to see the ruins, they refused to listen and offered threats. When we went about our work, they became enraged and began to hurl large stones at us by means of slings, the largest I have ever seen. One of the men, more violent than the rest, pointed a gun at us, threatening to fire if we did not depart. Personally, I think that the poor creatures were greatly terrified, believing us to be sorcerers. Nor do I believe that they would have actually attacked us; for all their sling-stones fell short, and the man who persisted in aiming his gun in our direction fortunately did not fire it off. One very old man approached me privately and assured me that the others would not harm us; but, protesting his horror at the inhospitality of our reception, he urged our speedy departure. We found, after a while, that work carried on under a fire of sling-stones, even though the stones fell a few feet short, was far from satisfactory. So we soon made off to Djisreh, due north of Djedil; but, finding this a very unimportant little group of ruins, we turned toward the southwest in the direction of two conspicuous ruins, called Zebîr and Zubaiyir respectively, situated near together on the crest of a lava-stream. Zubaiyir was deserted, and we entered the ruins in peace and began our work; but presently a band of Bedawin, whose tents were pitched in Zebîr, arrived to drive us out. Here again the attitude of the Arabs was threatening; but they did not actually resort to force. When Barnes, for lack of anything to do, put on a pair of spectacles and, seating himself, opened a book and began to read, the terror of the Bedawin knew no bounds. They naturally saw in this act the prelude to some performance of sorcery and entreated us to leave. The place was found to be uninteresting in spite of its imposing looks, and we remounted and set out in the direction of Zebîr. Then the rage and terror of the natives burst forth afresh in a real demonstration of hostility. In Zebîr were their homes and their families, and they said that if we ventured near the place they would shoot us to a man. We were tired of combatting superstition and of forcing ourselves upon unfriendly natives, and therefore turned our horses toward our own tents, not greatly disappointed, and reflecting that the inscriptions of both places had been copied by former travelers when the ruins were wholly deserted, and that no mention of important buildings had been made by the earlier visitors. As we departed I felt that a sense of relief was shared equally by would-be guests and would-not-be

hosts. The afternoon was still young when we drew near to Sûr, and we decided to push on to il-Âşim to the southeast a ruin with a high tower in plain view from our tents. We found it a small and unimportant, but very picturesque, ruin, and after a short stay we reached camp well before sundown.

We now planned a long expedition to the northern part of the Ledjā, and were anxious to start out directly towards the northeast into unexplored country; but, though we made inquiries of many different men, we found it quite impossible to travel beyond Djisreh, and in consequence we were obliged to make a long détour by a path that leads along the western side of the Ledjā, to establish our camp somewhere upon its course, and then make separate excursions into the interior. The camp-animals consumed the better part of a day in reaching Krêm, about ten miles to the north of Sûr. We passed through the ruins of Mlêhah and ʿAib, pausing in each place long enough to discover that each was a poor and unimportant place, and arrived at Krêm in time to observe that the ruin in which our camp was fixed was only a group of ancient houses of the poorer class. We had been escorted hither by our friend, the Bedawin shêkh, and a member of his family had accompanied the camp. We were not likely to attempt to visit any more ruins occupied by Bedawin without being properly introduced.

On the morning of April 25th we started out from Krêm on our first excursion, riding out of the Ledjā for a short distance only to reënter it again below a ruined castle-like structure called Kālʿat Esmaʿ, set on an eminence above a sort of natural gateway in the wall of lava. From this place we went in a northeasterly direction and came to Shaʿarah, one of the most important sites in the Ledjā. The place is now quite deserted; but there is much above ground to show that it was once a real city, not very large but having paved and colonnaded streets, one or more temples, a fine bath and a huge khân, in addition to a large number of residences. Unfortunately, Shaʿarah retained its importance until some time in the Middle Ages; for its temples were destroyed to build two mosques, and the colonnades of its streets were thrown down and used in the erection of defenses. Only the bath remains in a fair state of preservation, and old inscriptions still abound, crudely set in the walls of much later buildings.

Our second expedition was begun at dawn on the following day. Once more we left the Ledjā, this time to skirt it for a while, until we were near the barracks of Mismiye. Avoiding these, we reentered the lava-fields and, under the guidance of the Shêkh, made straight for a ruin known by the name of Ṭaff. I hope I shall never again meet with a reception like that which was accorded us by the citizens of Ṭaff. As we came near the small group of ruins with a few most wretched tents beside them, we were met by a crowd of ragged, starving, wild-eyed specimens of humanity, who hailed us with shrieks and yells and barking. Some of them beat their heads and breasts, while others picked up stones and hurled them without accurate aim in our direction. Some flew wildly toward the tents, only to return with wilder cries. Not one was armed with sling or gun; but they were terrifying enough unarmed. Our guide hastened to explain that these creatures were all insane: that Ṭaff was a sort of farm for the insane, a place where people brought their mad relatives, leaving them to shift for themselves. Some of them, he said, could work, others herded a few goats; but all must remain here or wander forth to die in the desert. He added that he could control them while we went about our work.

We left our horses in a protected spot and set out to search for inscriptions and to examine buildings; but I soon found that the drama being enacted in the open was far more interesting than Taff architecture, and I placed myself in a position where I could see without being seen, just as the most exciting act was about to begin. The scene was like one of those described in the New Testament, in which those possessed of evil spirits are described as living in the tombs. These poor possessed ones had returned to their tents, where they had collected reinforcements, and were now coming out again in force, howling and gesticulating. When they drew near, our Shêkh, who was waiting for them, mounted a low wall and began to call out the name of God in thundering tones. For a time this seemed to make no impression whatever, but his calling upon Allah finally began to quiet the mob. When at length he had secured comparative quiet, he began a remarkable oration in which, among other things, he said: "Here I am, come, kill me if you will, I am your relative, but, whatever you do, spare my friends and guests". He had laid aside his arms and made a fine show of bravery in front of the excited crowd, and this had its effect upon the poor shattered minds of his hearers. The sacred relationship of host to guest is, I imagine, the last thing to be forgotten by the true Arab, unless his mind is preoccupied by superstitious fears of sorcery, as were the minds of the men of Djisreh and Zebîr the other day. But we were now vouched for by a great man of their own kin, and his appeal to this time-honored sentiment worked almost like magic. The howling ceased, though a few of the very mad ones continued to moan and beat themselves. Two or three simple imbeciles came towards the Shêkh with weak smiles and the manner of a dog that has barked frantically at a stranger, and at the words "good doggie" comes cringing forward with hanging head and tail between his legs. I joined the Shêkh and heard him speak almost caressingly to these poor wretches. Presently we prepared to depart, and the now friendly ones among the denizens of Taff inquired where we might be going. We answered "To Saḥr", to which they replied in terrified accents: "The people of Saḥr will surely kill you, they are the worst in the world". We took this with a grain of salt and set out across a most dismal waste, towards a ruin which, according to our guide, was full of writings and pictures in stone. We had just come within sight of the ruins when there appeared on the crest of a long sloping lava-stream a band of most villainous-looking Arabs, shouting a war-song and brandishing their guns to show that they were well armed. Before we could collect our thoughts they had begun a charge and came rushing headlong down the slope, to the accompaniment of a wild battle-cry. Our Shêkh dismounted and, leaving his horse with our groom, ran at top speed toward the charging Arabs. When the distance between them was reduced to about a hundred paces, the charging band and the single champion stopped short for an instant, and then rushed on toward each other again with doubled speed, the Arabs having changed their cry. In an instant the clash had come. I was watching through my field-glass, and saw them meet. Our Shêkh was overwhelmed in an instant, not with blows but with kisses; for he was embraced in Arab fashion, by no less than twenty men, all of whom were his cousins as it seemed. When the round of introductions was over, and all the compliments of the season had been exchanged again and again, we set to work at the ruins with a greater corps of eager assistants than we had ever known. The Shêkh's judgment about the ruins of Saḥr was certainly excellent. Here was a Nabataean temple surrounded by a colonnaded

temenos-wall. In the enclosure were many inscriptions and quantities of broken statues and relief sculptures of extraordinary interest, and, rarer than all, here was a little theatre in a wonderful state of preservation, the only theatre we had found in the Ledjā, and the only one in the Haurān outside the great ruined cities of Bostra, Kanatha and Philippiopolis. Our stay could not be long, for we had far to go. We set out towards the southwest in the direction of Hammān, which we found to be an extensive ruin, picturesque by reason of the trees which were growing among the buildings, but otherwise uninteresting, being made up wholly of ancient residences of none too good a class, though quite well preserved. After a hasty examination of Hammān, we set out on the long and weary journey to Tubbeh, a little to the north of west.

The ride from Saḥr to Tubbeh by way of Hammān was by far the most dreary and desolate stage of our whole journey in the Ledjā. The memory of it haunts me. It was like passing through a scene in Hell divested of its demons and its flames. Not a patch of green, not a scrap of red soil all the way, only the black tumultuous billows tossing madly on and on. This region is near the termination of the lava-streams. The first deposits of lava to reach it had begun to cool and grow stiff, and wanted to stop; but the still hot and angry masses came surging upon them from behind, pushing, crushing, rolling and tossing them in frenzied passion. Every line in these now inert masses denotes violent motion and strife, and one is continually wondering why there is no noise; for it all looks as if the scene should be accompanied by the most deafening thunders, crashings and groanings. I exposed I know not how many films in vain endeavors to secure an adequate picture of this wild, weird scenery. All the pictures are complete failures. They look perfectly tame, and might be photographs of the uneven piles of slag that may be seen outside a iron-foundry. Not one gives the slightest impression of the mighty scale, the awful grandeur, or the dreadful desolation of the place. This is due partly to the fact that it is impossible to get extensive views that mean anything. A photograph taken from the top of a wave-crest reveals only the tops of other waves in endless succession, and one taken from a depression shows nothing but the nearest masses of rock. One must behold the scene in its entirety to comprehend its meaning, and to take in the impression of mighty forces arrested in action and made rigid in the instant of violent motion.

We found Tubbeh a ruin of no more importance than Hammān, and, after giving our horses a brief rest, pushed on toward Mismiyeḥ, near which we rode out of the Ledjā, giving the hoofs of our tired beasts a respite of an hour or more as we rode over the soft red earth of the plain, until we broke through the forbidding wall once more, just before we reached Krēm, at eight o'clock. That evening at dinner we planned the last three stages of our march. We were to make our way, as straight as we could, across the Ledjā to Dāmit il-'Alyā, the chief town of the Druses in this region, situated almost in the middle of the great lava-field. But the next morning Abū Derwīsh, the head muleteer, demurred, refusing to take his animals on any more marches in the Ledjā and saying that their feet were already ruined. I was not to be moved, however, for I wished to see for myself whether there were ruins between Krēm and the centre of the Ledjā, and besides I had promised several Druse shēkhs that I would meet them in their chief town before we left the country. I gave orders for the camp to move to the southeast instead of to the north, whither the head muleteer longed to turn the weary feet of his mules. Then Abū Derwīsh mutinied, and taking

his two sons and his son-in-law and all their mules, he started through the ruins with his face set toward Damascus. Now Abū Derwīsh was a Christian but an old rascal. I had tolerated him and his family and their mules and their asses on two former expeditions of long duration for two reasons: first because his animals were the best to be had in Syria, and second because the old man feared neither God nor man, nor heat nor cold, nor the desert, nor any of the things which are objects of dread to almost all town-bred or coast-bred natives of Syria. He loved me, that he had said a thousand times, kissing my hands while he swore his devotion; but I knew he loved me for the good yellow Napoleons I had poured into his hands at the end of the two long journeys; and now he and his had seceded! But there were other muleteers, not of the family of Abū Derwīsh, and they were Moslems. They were wise to the secret that many of our great boxes, which had contained provisions, were now empty and were carried only for show, in order that each animal might appear to be equally loaded. The head muleteer knew this too; but he had forgotten it momentarily in his wrath. No sooner were Abū Derwīsh and his train out of sight, than our trusty Moslem muleteers hastened to me to swear fresh allegiance, and to assure me that all the luggage could be carried by the remaining force of mules. The cook and several other servants offered to walk for the remainder of the trip, in case their horses should be required as pack-animals. Then came a hasty unpacking of certain boxes and the discarding of others, and the sorting out of certain commodities with which we were over supplied, like candles and tins of honey presented to us by various Druse shēkhs. The beautiful boxes with their trays and hinged covers, as well as the extra supplies, were given to our friend the Bedawin shēkh: he could not have been more proud if he had received a principality. The tents were already rolled up, and these, with all our remaining luggage, were loaded upon the animals which still remained in shorter time than I had ever known our loading to be done. Fortunately no one would be obliged to walk all the way, for the cook and the waiter were to have a horse between them. Then to horse, and away! The mule-bells began to sound, and the last of the animals was just leaving the camping-place, when other bells were heard jangling on the other side of the ruins, and in another moment an astonished Abū Derwīsh, with a very shamefaced group of followers and all their animals, appeared from around a corner. One glance at our departing caravan and another at the boxes of the abandoned supplies, which he knew would have been among his perquisites but were now guarded by an Arab, and then he and his family began shouting: "Khawâdja! We want to go with you, we must go with you", to which there was no reply, save the widening distance between us. Then burst forth the old man's rage. Like Job he cursed his day and, waving his hands above his head and fairly leaping up and down, he turned upon his sons, calling upon Allah to destroy their father's house. The cry went back from our men: "Ma' is-salâmeh" (go in peace) — the soft and beautiful farewell expression of the Arabs, which, on occasion, they use in such bitter irony. One of our men called back: "May your journey prosper, it is too bad you are not armed, the Bedawin will destroy you and carry off your mules, ma' is-salâmeh"! To see this sight the other muleteers, those still with us, would have come on their hands and knees from Jerusalem. For this was the fall of the greatest tyrant of all muleteers: they fairly hugged themselves for joy. As we passed out of sight of the old camping-place we could still hear the bellowing of the fallen tyrant, as he cursed

the religion of the father of his sons, and the religion of the mules, and that of their ancestors to the third and fourth generation.

A member of the family of our friend the Bedawin Shêkh of Sîr guided us by a path, more or less direct though very rough, across another unexplored part of the Ledjā, toward Dâmit il-^ʿAlyā. Again we passed through scenery unmatched for its bleakness and desolation. We saw but one ruin on the way, and that soon after leaving Krêm. This was ẖaṣṭal Krêm, a small, fort-like ruin, very crudely built, which may mark one of the prehistoric sites of the region. The remaining seven or eight miles on the map, which must have been nearly twice that by our winding route, consumed the better part of the day, and, though we dismounted frequently to climb to the top of heaps of lava and scan the country to the right and left, we saw no sign of human occupation past or present.

It was late in the afternoon of April 27th when we reached Dâmit il-^ʿAlyā, with its high stepped pyramid, and its fine temenos-wall and gate of the Roman period, the huge stone doors of which are still in place. I could not observe that any important changes had taken place in the village or in the ruins since my visit in 1905. The rest of our party went about to utilize the remaining hours of daylight in visiting the ruins and looking for inscriptions; but I was taken in hand at once by the Druse Shêkh of the village, and conducted to his house to await the pitching and arranging of the camp. The Shêkh urged strongly that we abandon the tents and make ourselves his guests for the night; but we pleaded long custom for ourselves and the need of rigid discipline for the camp-servants, and finally we had our way. I quickly discovered that our arrival had been expected, and that our departure from ẖaṣṭal Krêm had been observed from the top of the stepped pyramid, which is the highest building in the Ledjā and on one of the highest points in the region. I was told also that messengers had been sent out to many shêkhs, some of whom had already arrived to meet us, while others were on the way and would be here before night. They wished to consult me, they said, on important matters arising out of their correspondence with the Governor at Damascus, negotiated by me, and out of my visit to the Governor.

It was nightfall and we had supped when the party of shêkhs arrived before the tents. I was astonished to see some who had come long distances, even from the villages of the northern part of the Djebel Ḥaurân. All seemed extremely cordial and well disposed; but I was conscious of an undercurrent of suppressed excitement. They had come to the tents with a very numerous band of followers, so that we were obliged for a time to sit in front of the tents, out under the stars, until the last glow of day faded in the west. Then, as if by common consent, the followers dispersed, and only the more responsible men, the shêkhs, were left. I suggested that we move into the dining-tent, and they agreed readily enough; but we found this very crowded when all of us had entered: every one of the folding chairs was in use, the boxes which lined the walls were all occupied as seats, while some of our guests sat on the floor, these undoubtedly feeling more at home than any of the other natives. The conference lasted far into the night. Most of the talking was done by a small number, who seemed to be leaders, the others assenting to, or dissenting from, what was said by means of grunts or groans, which were quite as expressive as ayes and noes taken by a vote. The gist of the discussion was briefly as follows: Nazim Pasha had sent word to them that he would send a commission to investigate their troubles, hear their

side of the case, and settle the difficulties if possible. He desired them to send ten representative shêkhs to meet the commission at the barracks of Suwêdâ, a town situated at the western foot of the Djebel Haurân. The time set for the meeting was the morrow, at noon. The Druses greatly desired that the meeting should take place. Many of them believed that good would come of it; but now, on the eve of the day set for it, grave fears had arisen in the minds of some that the whole scheme was a ruse to entrap ten of their representative men and hold them for ransom. Finally, they desired my opinion of the situation and my advice as to what they had better do. All this came out by slow degrees, for many points were debated and many proposals were made. In the midst of the talk, an aged shêkh arose to ask me if the common report was true that I had spoken face to face, standing upright, with Sultan Abdul Hamid, who called himself King of Kings, Emperor of Emperors, etc., and that I had received a cigarette from his golden case at the hand of his Imperial Majesty. This story was one which I had recounted to George, the dragoman, who had regaled the servants with it, and they in turn used it, with high embellishments no doubt, to impress all the natives with whom we came in contact. At the moment the question seemed somewhat irrelevant; but I answered gravely that the story was true, whereat the crowd murmured that God works wonders.

The situation was a delicate one. I did not feel that I could assume the responsibility of telling these men that they would be perfectly safe, although I did think so. I asked how many soldiers were at Suwêdâ. They said there were about five hundred. I inquired how many men they could have under arms by noon the next day. The answers to this involved numbers varying from two to five thousand, according to the age of the answerer. Then I suggested that they have a thousand men posted on the heights above Suwêdâ, that they send their ten men to the barracks, having arranged with them to give some signal of their safety once in every fifteen minutes, in order that, if half an hour elapsed without a signal being given, they might then descend upon Suwêdâ, and that the shêkhs explain the whole scheme to the Commandant on their arrival. The plan met with universal approval, and some of the shêkhs said that a large army would be on hand without doubt. To my surprise, two of the shêkhs left the tent almost immediately to call together the younger men who had not attended the meeting, and in less than half an hour twenty horsemen rode out into the night, over the rough and tortuous paths of the lava-fields, to call to arms the fighting men of the Druses of the Ledjâ and of the Djebel Haurân.

When these momentous questions had been decided, I noticed that the shêkhs were discussing among themselves the choosing of one of their number to make an address. Presently, and by common consent, my old friend, the Shêkh of Lubbên, arose: he addressed himself to me and I thought that I was about to receive a vote of thanks. Indeed it was such; but a vote of thanks with an extraordinary tail to it. "Khawâdja", he said, "you are very learned and well acquainted with the ways of governments and rulers, while we are ignorant mountaineers. You have been honored by the Sultan Abdul Hamid, with whom you have spoken as a prince. When you again have occasion to speak with the Sultan, will you not ask him to appoint you Governor of the Druses in the Haurân. Tell him that the Druses will obey you, that they will pay taxes like the Syrians, provided that no Turkish soldiers are sent to collect the taxes and that our sons are not taken from us for the Turkish army. It

shall be our duty to protect all the Ḥaurân from the Bedawin: for this duty we shall provide our sons with arms. These shêkhs desire me to say that they will be faithful to you and that they will see to it that you lack nothing; and they desire that you will bring physicians and teachers with you and establish schools, for which the Druses will pay. They also desire that you bring a machine for driving wells in the rock, such as you have told us about". As he sat down, all the shêkhs grunted their approval, saying, "Ai wallâh" (yes, by God).

It all seems very like a burlesque to me now, this tender of an administrative office which was not legally theirs to offer, and the tacking on a request for a machine for making artesian wells; but it did not seem so absurd to me then, as I looked about that circle, catching the intent gaze of a group of fine looking, serious men, dealing in their simple way with matters that meant so much to them — government, education, and water — the three things which they most lacked, and which they now most earnestly desired. It would have been rude, ungracious, cruel, not to have responded in a serious spirit. I thanked them for their confidence in me, and explained that my duties as a teacher in my own country would prevent my settling among them, even if the Sultan should appoint me Governor. It seemed hardly worth while to attempt to explain to them the political considerations which would make their plan impracticable, even if I were willing and fitted to accept their offer. I promised to lay their case before the "Great Consul" (the Ambassador) of the English in Constantinople, and to speak a good word for them if ever again I had opportunity to address the Sultan. And curiously enough, even while we talked, the last steps were being taken which a few days later removed Sultan Abdul Hamid from his throne.

I was invited to accompany the shêkhs to Suwêdâ, or to join the Druse forces in the hills above the barracks; but I explained that in two days we must be in Damascus, and that we were obliged to visit several places in the plain in the time which remained. The shêkhs inquired very explicitly about our itinerary during the next two days, desiring to send word of the success or failure of the conference in Suwêdâ. Then they all rose and took formal leave. It was very late, and I went to my bed like one in a dream, wondering if I had really been offered the governorship of an oriental province, and knowing that I should never have such an offer again.

On the morning of April 28th we rode to the northeast, to the ruins of a monastery called Dêr idj-Djûwânî, where we stopped for a short time to measure the buildings and copy some unknown inscriptions. Then we set out directly across the Ledjâ, and at nightfall reached its edge at the large Christian village of Khabeb. Early on the following day we began our march across the soft red soil of the plain in the direction of Inkhil. Here are the ruins of a large villa, almost a palace, of the Roman period, in a wonderful state of preservation. I had made some hasty observations of this building four years before, on a rapid journey through the plain: I now set to work to study the ruin more thoroughly, while my companions went in search of inscriptions. But the natives, like so many of the settled Arabs of the plain, were not particularly hospitable, and not in the least favorable to our inscription-hunting. An old woman, who looked like one of the witches in Macbeth, headed the opposition to our activities, loudly denouncing us as sorcerers. We gave her a cigarette and asked her if, by the practice of sorcery, we were interfering with her in any way. This roused the laughter of the men and boys gathered about, but did not succeed in breaking

down the barrier between us and the people of Inkhil. Therefore, when the measurements and photographs of the villa had been made, we started for iş-Şanamên.

A pleasant gallop over the plain in the late afternoon light, with the snows of Mt. Hermon glowing pink on the northern horizon, brought us to the railway-station that now stands not far to the east of the ruins of iş-Şanamên's Tychaion, or "Temple of Fortune". The sight of the railway and its grim little station-building were an unwelcome reminder that our days afield were over; for on the morrow we should be taking a train at that very station en route for Damascus and, eventually, for Europe and for what is ordinarily called civilization. In the morning of the 30th we examined the ruins of the Tychaion and made a profitable search for inscriptions in the village beyond it. The tents were taken down early, and the caravan started out on the road towards Damascus. We ate our luncheon out in the open, and were quietly smoking our cigarettes when the raucous whistle of the locomotive of our train was heard.

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For all places on any map in the Publications of the Princeton Expeditions, there is given in this index, in brackets immediately after each name, the latitude of the parallel south of the place and the longitude of the meridian west of the place on the district map on which the place appears, or on the general map if the place does not appear on any district map. Latitudes from $32^{\circ}, 10'$ to $32^{\circ}, 40'$ will be found on the map of the Southern Ḥaurân, in this volume opposite p. 27, latitudes from $32^{\circ}, 20'$ to $33^{\circ}, 10'$ on the map of il-Ledjā and Djebel Ḥaurân, p. 17, latitudes from 35° to $35^{\circ}, 50'$ (longitudes from $36^{\circ}, 40'$ to $37^{\circ}, 10'$) on the map of il-ʿAlā, p. 46, latitudes from $35^{\circ}, 30'$ to $35^{\circ}, 50'$ (longitudes from $36^{\circ}, 20'$ to $36^{\circ}, 50'$) on the map of the Djebel Riḥā, p. 55, latitudes from $36^{\circ}, 10'$ to $36^{\circ}, 30'$ on the map of Northern Syria, p. 60. Latitudes and longitudes on the general map are given only in degrees and half degrees. The numbers following the latitude and longitude refer to pages of the present volume, Division I. For example, Abū Ḥaniyeh (35, 30: 35, 50) 54 will be found on the map of il-ʿAlā, p. 46, north of the parallel of latitude $35^{\circ}, 30'$ and east of the meridian of longitude $36^{\circ}, 50'$: it is mentioned on page 54 of the present volume.

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